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LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.

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Selections.

SALE OF LANDS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

HILTON HEAD, S. C., Jan. 21.

THE subjoined circular, issued by Gen. Saxton, has been extensively circulated about Beaufort and the adjacent islands. It will be observed that the General gives wholesome advice to the people concerning matters appertaining to the purchase and culture of the soil. Pursuant to instructions from Washington, the Tax Commissioners notified the public that they would be ready to dispose of the lands at Beaufort on Monday last. At 10 a.m., the hour appointed, the apartment in which the Commissioners convened was densely crowded with officers, soldiers, and contrabands—the latter class in the preponderance. Unfortunately the weather was inclement, in consequence of which the sale was postponed till the following day. At the hour announced, the Commissioners, accompanied by a crowd of expectant possessors, proceeded to the eastern portion of the town, and commenced the sale by offering lot No. 1. The bidding was spirited throughout the sale, and, as a general thing, the property was disposed of at rates considered high for this district at this time. The contrabands were foremost in the bids. How in the world these fellows manage to exhibit so much money is a mystery to many sharpers among white officers. One sable son pulled from his pocket a roll of "greenbacks," amounting to $2,000. Of course the "white sogers" had to back out until the contraband had selected his lot and expended his capital. The desirable lots brought prices varying from $800 to $1,200. The sale was continued on Wednesday, and is in progress to-day. Ten days or two weeks will probably be occupied in disposing of the entire lands.

CIRCULAR.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. FORCES, BEAUFORT, S. C., Jan. 16, 1864.

The following instructions, which have been received by the U. S. Direct Tax Commissioners, are announced for the information and benefit of all concerned:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Dec. 30, 1863.

GENTLEMEN: By direction of the President I transmit the following instructions, which you will observe in disposing of lands struck off to the United States. You will consider them as applying to all lands in your district which are now, or may be hereafter owned by the United States, except such as are or may be set apart for military, naval, school or revenue purposes, and the plantations on St. Helena Island known as "Land's End" and the "Ben Chaplin Place," and the City of Beaufort on Port Royal Island.

All previous instructions or parts thereof which conflict with those now given, are hereby rescinded.

Yours respectfully, [Signed] S. P. CHASE.

To U. S. Direct Tax Commissioners.

ADDITIONAL INSTRUCTIONS TO THE DIRECT TAX COMMISSIONERS FOR THE DISTRICT OF SOUTH CAROLINA, IN RELATION TO THE DISPOSITION OF LANDS.

1. You will allow any loyal person of twenty-one years of age or upwards, who has, at any time since the occupation by the national forces, resided for six months or now resides upon, or is engaged in cultivating any lands in your district owned by the United States, to enter the same for pre-emption to the extent of one, or, at the option of the pre-emptor, two tracts of twenty acres each, paying therefor one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. You will give preference in all cases to heads of families and to married women whose husbands are engaged in the service of the United States, or are necessarily absent.

2. You will permit each soldier, sailor or marine actually engaged in the service of the United States, or any who may have been, or hereafter shall be honorably discharged, to pre-empt and purchase in person or by authorized agent at the rate of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, one tract of twenty acres of land if single, and if married, two tracts of twenty acres each, in addition to the amount a head of family, or married woman in the absence of her husband, is allowed to pre-empt and purchase under the general privilege to loyal persons.

3. Each pre-emptor, on filing his claim and receiving his certificate of pre-emption, must pay in United States notes two-fifths of the price, and the residue on receiving a deed for the parcels of land pre-empted, and a failure to make complete payment on receipt of the deed will forfeit all rights under the pre emption, as well as all partial payments for the land.

4. When persons authorized to purchase by pre-emption desire to enter upon and cultivate lands not yet surveyed, they may do so; but they will be required to conform in their selections as nearly as possible to the probable lines of the surveys, and to take and occupy them subject to correction of title and occupation by actual surveys when made.

5. In making surveys, such reservation for paths and roadways will be made as will allow easy and convenient access to the several subdivisions entered for sale and occupancy by pre-emption or otherwise.

Approved Dec. 31, 1863. [Signed] A. LINCOLN.

These instructions, it will be seen, apply to all soldiers as well as citizens. The Superintendents and Teachers in this Department are hereby directed to give their entire attention to the carrying out of these instructions, and to assist the people to the extent of their power in locating, staking out their claims, and securing their title deeds under this order of the President, which, in its beneficent results is to be second only to the proclamation of Emancipation. I also recommend the people to lose no time in pre-empting their claims and in preparing their grounds for the coming harvest. The foundation of all national wealth and prosperity is in the soil. No people can be truly prosperous who neglect its cultivation.

Freedmen, you should plow deep, plant carefully and in season, cultivate diligently, and you will reap abundant harvests. First provide for an ample supply of corn and vegetables, then remember that cotton is the great staple here. I advise you to plant all you can of it. So profitable was its culture in the old days of slavery that your former masters said "Cotton is King." It is expected that you will show in a Free South that cotton is more of a king than ever. R. SAXTON, Brig.-Gen. and Mil. Gov.

HILTON HEAD, S. C., Saturday, Jan. 23, 1864.

In a previous letter I made mention that the sale was progressing. It commenced on Tuesday last, and bids fair to extend through the space of several days to come. The town is parceled off into lots of twenty acres each, and which number in the aggregate over two hundred. Each lot and building has been appraised at a certain value by the Commissioners—the value, of course, depending upon the location of the grounds, the condition of the buildings upon the same, and numerous other circumstances which are always considered in estimating the worth of real estate. Buildings occupied by the Military Department, and those now occupied by outside parties, and which the military authorities have designated as essential for their own use, are supposed to be reserved from sale, although in some instances it is stated that the Commissioners have not favored the claims presented by the Department. The Board consists of the three Commissioners appointed at Washington, the Commander of the Post, Gen. Saxton, and the Commander of the Department, Gen. Gillmore. The entire transaction of disposing of the property is confided mainly into the hands of civilians, as the Commissioners are not possessed of military authority, and work to a great degree independently of the Department of the South. It is true, Gen. Gillmore and Gen. Saxton have a hearing at the Board, but the Commissioners are in the majority. If two Commissioners should be the only members of the Board at a meeting, it is in their power to proceed to business, the same as if more or all of the members were present, thus following the usual course of giving the control of matters into the hands of the minority. I state these facts free from captious motives, for I believe the Commissioners are gentlemen who are desirous of contributing to the best interests of the government, although, perhaps, some others if in their position would have adopted measures of a more liberal tendency for the Military Department. The average daily sale is twenty lots. After the sale the Commissioners repair to their office and attend to the business of settling with the purchasers, who are required to meet them for that purpose. The terms of the sale are such that the soldiers have the advantage over civilians. The soldier pays but one-fifth of the money bid, and has three years to make up the difference, while the civilian must pay the whole amount down. Soldiers are not allowed to bid for civilians. The terms are right and just, and preclude speculators from pushing aside men who are laboring honestly for their country. In anticipation of this sale, a number of sharpers have recently made their appearance in the vicinity. New York City has sent its proportion. It is a source of satisfaction, however, to know that the individuals referred to have been handsomely taken in. The South Carolina colored man stands a far better chance than the wealthy Wall street man. The interest exhibited by the colored men in the sales makes them extremely enlivening, and produces such a competition in the bidding that some of our Northern auctioneers, who pride themselves on collecting crowds and then exciting them, would be half induced to close their establishments could they witness one of these land sales at Beaufort. Notwithstanding the inducements offered to the white troops, the colored men are the principal buyers. In fact, they have the reputation of carrying more money in their pockets than the white men can easily count—the hours given to the task not mentioned. It is said by some that Beaufort is destined to become a second Jamaica. No one can deny that the indications point to a fulfillment of the prophecy. The colored men have been for some time extensive owners of property in the place, and it is believed the result of the sales in progress will give them about the entire possession of it. This will certainly change the complexion of that one delightful inland watering-place. The houses, as a general thing, bring more than their assessed value. One building, valued at $750, was knocked off at $950; another, valued at $1,000, went for $1,200.

The Stevens House, the only hotel in the place, was appraised $1,800, and was bought by the managers for $3,700. A few other parties, who occupied dwellings, rather than subject themselves to the annoyance of removal, bought the property at prices greatly exceeding the assessed rates. Deep anxiety is depicted on the faces of many—chiefly artisans and boarding-house keepers—lest the homes they have occupied so long a period shall pass away from them. A wit, well-known in the Department, and a victim to small fears concerning the permanency of his present connection with the roof that shelters him, finds solace in the reflection that the colored cook, who energetically declares he will buy the house at any cost, is single, and may possibly be induced to rent it for a fair remuneration. If the victim of fears has no other hope than that which depends on the celibate state of the cook, his ticket is good for disappointment, for it sometimes occurs that the colored people here contract a marriage in much less time than it took the officer down in Maine, who is said to have tied the knot within sixty minutes from his first introduction. The appearance that Beaufort now has is nothing like that it presented in days preceding the war. The houses are dilapitated, fences torn down, gardens destroyed, shade-trees bruised and dismembered, and the streets themselves, in spite of the drum and bugle, filled with the all-pervading air of desolation. But for all that seeming ruin, Beaufort will furnish a home for the poor oppressed mortals who have been toiling for it through series of years. When the war ceases and the freedman can give his undivided attention to the cultivation and improvement of the soil, and to the displaying of his taste in the ornamentation of the houses, gardens, streets and avenues, we trust the opportunity will be afforded us to pay him a visit, and congratulate him on the success that has attended his enterprise.

WHAT THE REBELS THINK OF THEIR NORTHERN FRIENDS.

[A correspondent of *The Herald* is giving an account in that paper of what he saw and heard, not long since, at Richmond. A large number of distinguished rebels, army officers and others, went to Drury's Bluff to test the qualities of a newly invented gun. The writer says:]

WHEN the trial was over a considerable number of the spectators, both officers and civilians, who had received invitations—among them my friend Col. Williams and myself—repaired on board the rebel steamer Patrick Henry, lying at the bluff, to partake of a collation. Most prominent among the distinguished persons present was besotted Silenus, commonly known as John Letcher, Governor of Virginia; next the snarling Cerberus of the Confederacy, alias Gen. Winder, who had left behind him two of his heads—Maj. Griswold and Capt. Alexander—to watch the gates in his absence; next the fierce warrior Achilles, notoriously known as Roger A. Pryor, who had always the remarkable fashion of turning his vulnerable heel upon the enemy, for which he was recently charged with cowardice and reduced to the ranks as a private; next Vulcan, the inventor and maker of the great gun, which he swore would be, in the hands of ordinary artillerymen, more destructive than Jupiter's thunderbolts or the best forged weapons of the gods. There were also present the eloquent Wm. C. Rives, the profound David Funsten, the crafty Walter R. Staples, and the modest Robert S. Montague, then candidates, and now, I believe, members elect, for the rebel Congress. There were other celebrities too numerous to mention.

After gormandizing for about an hour, attention was turned to the decanters. Silenus made the corn whiskey suffer, as usual, and Cerberus got pretty well corned. Toasts were proposed, and speeches followed. The chivalrous Pryor, after boasting of what the South had done, could do and would do, launched a terrible philippic against the people and press of the North. After saying a great many other things, Mr. Rives declared that he had no confidence in the so-called peace party at the North, and had no respect for its leaders. They were an unscrupulous and reckless set of blackguards and demagogues. They propose nothing more, and it is not certain that they mean anything more, than to give us peace if, upon some terms, we will return to the Union. This he would never agree to. He would rather the war should continue twenty years, and that the South should suffer subjugation and all the deplorable consequences that such a calamity would entail than that she should again affiliate, upon any terms, with Yankee Abolitionists and vandals. They must rely exclusively upon their own resources, energy and fortitude. They can depend on no Yankee peace party, and on no Yankee politician. When he favored cutting the Gordian knot between the North and South, he intended not only a severance of all national ties between the two sections, but, for himself at least, a dissolution of all political and social relations with the people of the other section. He had had many political associates in the North; but he learned from experience that whenever they needed their help, and attempted to put their hands on them, like Paddy's flea, they were not there. Like the gossamer, they go with the strongest wind. Now look at the conduct of John Van Buren. A few months ago they were led to regard him as a friend—that is to say, as an enemy of the Lincoln Administration, and in favor of "peace at any price." They expected him to become one of the leaders of the peace party; but in the middle of March they found him in New York and Brooklyn advocating the war, "war at any price." John is "a chip of the old block," and they ought not, perhaps, to be surprised at any political inconsistency or summersault committed by him; but it is much the same with all the Northern people. The leaders of this peace party are men of no character even in the North, and we cannot reasonably expect any good result from their friendship. By proffering the South their friendship they are guilty of treachery to their own section and country, and if they had an opportunity they would not be long in likewise betraying us.

Mr. Staples also made a speech. He had no respect for the peace party of the North, and would never listen to reconstruction. He was glad to be assured that nearly all the leading men in the South entertained similar sentiments; but at the same time he believed it bad policy to avow such sentiments, so that they should become known to the leaders and members of that peace party. We may talk as we like here among ourselves; but he was opposed to our statesmen and leaders writing letters, and to newspapers printing editorials, continually declaring reunion impossible. It is better to encourage this peace party; to induce its leaders to believe that if reasonable guarantees are offered by the Yankee government the South will return to the Union. This will furnish them good grounds to work upon; their party will become formidable and embarrass the Lincoln government, and enable us the sooner to obtain an honorable peace. Though we can but despise these men for their perfidy towards their own section, yet, as their conduct tends to embarrass our powerful and unscrupulous enemy, we should prove recreant to our duty to our own country not to encourage this conduct for our own advantage. He hoped his suggestions would be approved by the gentlemen of the press then present. The gentlemen of whose remarks I have given this brief synopsis are well known to you, Mr. Editor, and to all well-informed politicians of the North, as prominent leaders in the South. Their speeches prove that they will listen to no terms of peace involving the restoration of the Union; and nearly all the distinguished leaders in the South have made speeches or written letters of similar import. Why is it, then, that some of our people will persist in advocating conciliatory measures on the part of the government? If they really desire the restoration of the Union, why not join hands with the President in subduing the traitors who are sworn and are seeking to prevent that consummation? When these traitors have been thoroughly chastised and lay down their arms, the government may afford to be merciful and magnanimous. Then it will be time enough to discuss matters of secondary consideration upon which the people of the North may disagree.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

THREE hundred thousand pounds of fine Sea Island cotton will shortly arrive at this port from Port Royal. It has been cultivated entirely by free labor—by the hands of black women, children, and men unfit for service in the army, all the able-bodied men having been drafted last Spring before the season of planting began. These laborers have been hired at fair wages, have been regularly paid, have worked to the satisfaction of their employers, and the enterprise has been profitable to both the working people and the men who hired them. Several persons of business habits and proper capital are reported to have made large profits during this season, on the Sea Islands, by cotton planting; and we hear that in Massachusetts a "cotton-fever" is beginning to rage, which promises to transplant as much of the surplus energy and capital of that region to the South Carolina and Florida coasts as can find room and opportunity there.

But this may be said to prove nothing to a Southern planter, who is apt to think that the "accursed Yankee" can make money where a "Southern gentleman" would starve or fail. Fortunately another experiment has been going on in Louisiana, meantime, which is better calculated to remove his doubts about the availability of free labor. We are told that a considerable number of sugar planters in that State have been shrewd enough to plant a crop this year, and till it by free labor, under the regulations published by Gen. Banks. In many cases they have engaged their former slaves, paying them the prescribed wages; in others they have hired persons from other plantations. The result proves that even a planter can make large crops by free labor; that a planter, indeed, if he is intelligent, humane, and a man of business habits, can do as well as any "Yankee" with free blacks. Many of the men who have tried it will make more money this year than their estates have cleared them in any previous year, and this with far less trouble, and with none of the cruel punishments which it was thought necessary to practice upon slaves, and which must have been at least annoying to gentlemen.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," says an old proverb. The success of the free labor experiment, wherever it has been tried in the South, even under the most unpromising circumstances, ought to convince the planters that they were mistaken when they asserted that the negro would not work except as a slave and under the lash. Such of them as are not convinced by such proofs as are now before them are in a hopeless state of mind. They can no longer claim that they desire slavery either for their own profit, or to make the blacks useful to society. It must be that they want to perpetuate slavery for another purpose, dangerous to the common welfare; for the sake of the unjust influence which it gives to them over white workingmen; not to make money, but to secure superior rank and extraordinary privileges.—*Eve. Post.*

A SCENE IN RICHMOND.

AN event took place in Richmond on the 1st of July last, from which the sentiments of some of the Southern people may be inferred. For several days previous Gen. Dix had been threatening the city by way of the Peninsula; and as Gen. Lee had his entire army with him in Maryland and Pennsylvania, leaving Jeff. Davis and his Capital entirely unprotected, the greatest excitement, and among the traitors the greatest consternation prevailed. Business was entirely suspended, and the citizens were ordered by the authorities to form themselves into companies and regiments to frighten the invaders off, and, if necessary, resist, as far as possible, their advance on the city. Children not over fifteen years of age, and aged men in their second childhood, invalids, cripples, lawyers, doctors and divines, were alike forced into these organizations. Every day they were drilled, and in the evening allowed to return to their homes. A signal was fixed upon, and they were ordered upon hearing it sounded to rush immediately to the Capital Park and get ready for action.

In this park, not far from the State House, stands an elegant marble statue of Henry Clay, in the majestic attitude he was wont to assume in addressing the United States Senate or other public assemblies. One hand is extended as if in the act of emphatic gesture. At a considerable height above the statue, to protect it from inclement weather, is a broad and neat canopy, supported by several pillars, while around it, on a line with the pillars, is a light iron railing to prevent children and others from meddling with the image.

At daybreak, on the morning of the 1st of July, the Yankees were reported at Tunstall's Station, only a few miles below the city, and the signal was sounded. Not only the citizen militia, but nearly the whole populace, rushed to the rendezvous, in the park, to learn what was to be done. There stood Henry Clay, with a placard about a yard square suspended to his extended hand, with the words, in bold red letters, "I will never consent to a dissolution of the Union, never, *never*, NEVER."

But this was not all, for on the south side of the canopy hung a large and well-executed painting on canvas, representing the seal of the State of Virginia. The prominent features of this seal, as many of your readers are aware, are a man lying flat upon his back, while another, with a liberty-cap on his head, and a sword in one hand and a spear in another, stands over him with one foot upon his neck. Just beneath this picture, as in the seal, in bold letters, was the famous motto of the State, *Sic semper tyrannis*, which I may interpret for the few who do not understand it—"So be it ever to tyrants." No spectator failed to discern in the fallen figure a portrait of the tyrant Jeff. Davis, and none could fail to recognize in the gigantic form and unhandsome face standing over him Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.

The sensation and excitement produced by this display I have not sufficient power of language to describe. A few cursed and denounced the authors of the traitorous deed; some put on gloomy and woeful expressions of countenance; more, afraid to utter what they felt, vainly endeavored to suppress a joyous smile, and with their elbows hunched their friends with evident satisfaction; all appeared to regard the exhibition as an augury of the fast dissolution of the Confederacy; but none seemed inclined to pull it down, and there it hung for nearly an hour in face of the gaping crowd. The officers of the new militia, novices in the art of war, apparently forget to form their companies, and their awkward squads manifested everything but an eagerness to "gird on the armor, and be marching along."

At length Benjamin Franklin Beall, Long Franklin Beall, as he is commonly called, formerly editor of *The Spirit of Jefferson*, a weekly journal published in Charlestown, Va., the place of John Brown's martyrdom, but since the rebellion associate editor of *The Richmond Dispatch*, and at the time of this occurrence Commissioner elect of Public Works for the State, appeared upon the scene, and with the assistance of two others, proceeded to remove the "seditious and insulting spectacle." As he was pulling the placard from Henry Clay, an Irishman in the crowd shouted out: "Ah, be jabers, the spirit of ould Harry's about yet." "Yis," cried another, with stentorian voice, "and so is the spirit of Jefferson." "Yis," shouted a third, "and there's Benjamin Franklin himself." "Yis," screamed a woman of unquestionable nativity, as the large painting fell to the ground, "and down goes Abe Lincoln and old Jeff."

If at this moment Gen. Dix had advanced on the city, he would have met with little or no opposition, and in the vast assemblage on the Capitol grounds, among the people of whose unanimity Jeff. Davis had boasted, he would have found five friends to one enemy.

The fighting men were at length mustered, and led to the front. During the day Gen. Winder gave orders to the papers to publish no reference to the disgraceful scenes in the park. The notice was scarcely necessary, for next day only *The Enquirer* was issued, the compositors and employees of the other papers having all been forced to shoulder muskets for defence of the city.

Unfortunately, a day or two later the Union forces retired. Then commenced efforts to ferret out the authors of the disloyal proceedings I have described. Five persons were arrested on suspicion and confined in Castle Thunder. Three of them still remain incarcerated, although not a particle of evidence can be adduced to implicate them in the affair. They are known to entertain Union sentiments, and that is considered criminality enough to subject them to any sort of punishment. One of the parties suspected, Mr. N. B. Dickenson, is well known in New York, having at one time been associated with Thompson & Co., bankers, corner of Broadway and Wall street. Mr. Dickinson, after about a month's confinement, was released. The following paragraph in regard to his case, which I clip from *The Dispatch*, will afford some idea how utterly regardless the rebel authorities are of the rights and liberties of the people in their power:

NOTHING AGAINST HIM.—Yesterday the Mayor received a note from a high Confederate official stating that the government had no charges against N. B. Dickinson, who had been held in Castle Thunder for several weeks, and that he would be released unless the civil authorities had some complaint on which to try him.

Hundreds like Dickinson are every week thrown in prison on mere suspicion, and after being subjected to the most inhuman treatment and privations for weeks and months, some of them are released without any redress for the outrage perpetrated against them, while the majority must either die of their misery or remain incarcerated during the war.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

THE PRESENT SOUTHSIDE VIEW.

THERE are indications daily that the Copperhead defenders of slavery will soon lack even Southern supporters. Some of the strongest arguments and bitterest invectives against the peculiar institution are now contributed by persons who have enjoyed the advantages of a contact with its beneficent workings, and "the Southside view of slavery" is now by far the gloomiest and fiercest. The right of free speech, of which Vallandigham, the martyr-copperhead, pretends to be the champion, is now really enjoyed in large portions of the South, and the result of this unloosening of the Southern tongue has been a general delivery of sentiments, ideas and passions which had long "fired the Southern heart," but which had been kept by the system of terror from finding expression through Southern lips.

The members of the House of Representatives from the city of New York, a city which seems to be far more pro-slavery than Nashville, Memphis, or New Orleans, find considerable difficulty in pushing their theories that the negro and the President have no rights which Brooks and Wood are bound to respect, owing to the impertinent contradictions they are continually receiving from Southern representatives. Thus no later than yesterday, the assertion of Mr. James Brooks, that "it was a delusion to say that the President's Emancipation proclamation would end the war," brought up, not Mr. Lovejoy or Mr. Stevens, but—the ingrate!—Mr. Smith, of Kentucky. This pestilent fanatic, who was elected to his seat by a majority of 5,000, had the audacity to say, and say it too "as a Southern man and indentified with slavery," that "there remained behind the rebellion that which gave it strength and power, and which must be destroyed and overthrown while the army moves in front. The very life-blood of the rebellion is drawn from African slavery, and wherever we tap this fountain of the rebellion our efforts will be effectual."

When the Scotch members of the House of Commons, usually sure for the Tory government, voted in a body against one of Addington's measures, Sheridan cried out to the Prime Minister: "Doctor, the Thanes fly from thee!" When Southern slaveholders talk in the style of Mr. Smith, of Kentucky, it would seem that men like Brooks and Wood, whose bitterest enemies cannot assert an indifference to their own interests is among their faults, would abandon a cause which finds its decriers among those whose property is invested in it, and depends for its defence on those who are simply drawn to it by a taste for tyranny and a sympathy, purely æsthetic, with oppression.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE ARREARS OF PAY TO COLORED TROOPS.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: No one can overstate the intense anxiety with which the officers of colored regiments in the Southern Department are awaiting action from Congress in regard to the arrears of pay of their men.

It is not a matter of dollars and cents only; it is a question of common honesty—whether the United States government has sufficient integrity for the fulfillment of an explicit business contract.

The public seems to suppose that all required justice will be done by the passage of a bill equalizing the pay of all soldiers for the future. But, so far as my own regiment is concerned, this is but half the question. My men have been nearly sixteen months in the service, and for them the immediate issue is the question of arrears.

They understand the matter thoroughly, if the public does not. Every one of them knows that he volunteered under an explicit *written assurance* from the War Department that he should have the pay of a white soldier. He knows that for five months the regiment received that pay, after which it was cut down from the promised $13 per month to $10, for some reason to him inscrutable.

He does *not* know—for I have not yet dared to tell the men—that the Paymaster has been already reproved by the Pay Department for fulfilling even in part the pledges of the War Department; that at the next payment the ten dollars are to be further reduced to seven; and that, to crown the whole, all the previous overpay is to be again deducted or "stopped" from the future wages, thus leaving them little more than *a dollar a month* for six months to come, unless Congress interfere!

Yet so clear were the terms of the contract that Mr. Solicitor Whiting, having examined the original instructions from the War Department issued to Brig.-Gen. Saxton, Military Governor, admits to me (under date of Dec. 4, 1863) that "the faith of the government was thereby pledged to every officer and soldier enlisted under that call."

He goes on to express the generous confidence that "the pledge will be honorably fulfilled." I observe that every one at the North seems to feel the same confidence, but that, meanwhile, the pledge is unfulfilled. Nothing is said in Congress about fulfilling it. I have not seen even a proposition in Congress to pay the colored soldiers, *from date of enlistment*, the same pay with white soldiers; and yet anything short of that is an unequivocal breach of contract, so far as this regiment is concerned.

Meanwhile the land sales are beginning, and there is danger of every foot of land being sold from beneath my soldiers' feet, because they have not the petty sum which government first promised and then refused to pay.

The officers' pay comes promptly and fully enough, and this makes the position more embarrassing. For how are we to explain to the men the mystery that government can afford us a hundred or two dollars a month, and yet must keep back six of the poor thirteen which it promised them? Does it not naturally suggest the most cruel suspicions in regard to us? And yet nothing but their childlike faith in their officers, and in that incarnate soul of honor, Gen. Saxton, has sustained their faith, or kept them patient, thus far.

There is nothing mean or mercenary about these men in general. Convince them that the government actually needs their money, and they would serve it barefooted and on half rations, and without a dollar—for a time. But, unfortunately, they see white soldiers beside them, whom they know to be in no way their superiors for any military service, receiving hundreds of dollars for reënlisting from this impoverished government, which can only pay seven dollars out of thirteen to its black regiments. And they see, on the other hand, those colored men who refused to volunteer as soldiers, and who have found more honest paymasters than the United States government, now exulting in well-filled pockets, and able to buy the little homesteads the soldiers need, and to turn the soldiers' families into the streets. Is this a school for self-sacrificing patriotism?

I should not speak thus urgently were it not becoming manifest that there is to be no promptness of action in Congress, even as regards the future pay of colored soldiers—and that there is especial danger of the whole matter of *arrears* going by default. Should it be so, it will be a repudiation more ungenerous than any which Jefferson Davis advocated or Sydney Smith denounced. It will sully with dishonor all the nobleness of this opening page of history, and fix upon the North a brand of meanness worse than pute. The mere *delay* in the fulfillment of this contract has already inflicted untold suffering, has impaired discipline, has relaxed loyalty, and has begun to implant a feeling of sullen distrust in the very regiments whose early career solved the problem of the nation, created a new army, and made peaceful emancipation possible.

Hilton Head, Jan. 22, 1864.

TIME'S CHANGES.

IF any one had predicted three years ago, that in January, 1864, the *Conservatives* of Maryland would be urging the necessity of immediate Emancipation, he would have been generally classed with the long-bearded, long-haired, sometimes hatless prophets, who from time to time announce, as with Gabriel's trumpet, that the end of the world is at hand. Yet we learn that, on Friday last, Postmaster-General Blair, U. S. Senator (late Governor) Hicks, and ex-Mayor (of Baltimore) Thomas Swann, severally made speeches to the Maryland Legislature, wherein the Postmaster-General stated the obvious truth that the rebellion had destroyed slavery, and that there was little remaining difference among the people as to the expediency of burying the carcass of the defunct as speedily as possible. Gov. Hicks and Mayor Swann spoke to the same effect, but more specifically and clearly (as was proper) with regard to slavery in Maryland, urging the Legislature to do whatever was necessary to rid that State of the *debris* of the fallen "institution" at the earliest moment. And their remarks were received with very general approval.

These, gentlemen, be it observed, are leaders of the *Conservative* Union party of Maryland. They stand between the Jeff. Davisites, who still control three or four of the lower, slavery-ridden Counties, and the "Radicals," such as Judge Spence, Col. Creswell, and H. Winter Davis. They are mainly Emancipationists because the case is too plain for further doubt. Slavery is dead, at least in Maryland; and all that remains of it is a nuisance and a stench. The slaves have ceased to bear any value that can be expressed in dollars and cents, while the lands (largely owned by slaveholders) are not worth half the money they would sell for if Maryland were a free State. The yeomanry and capitalists of that State cannot, therefore, afford to tolerate slavery any longer. They must get rid of its remains or consent to be beggared for a name. This they will not do; so, though they intensely hate "the Radicals," whom they charge with producing this state of things, they are eager to clear the incumbrance off their farms, and enter upon the career of prosperity and thrift which they know Free Labor will open.

Why will not people see?

Here is *The World*, for instance, that can't let go the corpse of the dear departed. It has a long article about the prospective "Abolition candidates" for President during the ensuing term, whom it numbers as follows:

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN, SALMON P. CHASE, JOHN C. FREMONT, NATHANIEL P. BANKS, BENJAMIN F. BUTLER."

How much history is compressed into that brief list of names! Only *one* of these could have properly been called, or would have allowed himself to be regarded as an Abolitionist, barely ten years ago. Now not one of them winces under the appellation. It is not yet two years since Mr. Lincoln was trying faithfully, honestly, indefatigably, to restore the Union without killing slavery. He gave up the job only after its impossibility had been made manifest. Gen. Banks was a regular "Democrat" till the passage of the Nebraska bill. Gen. Butler was an anti-Douglas Democrat so late as 1860, and voted persistently for Jeff. Davis in the Charleston Convention. And now he is an "Abolitionist." No doubt of it.

But why stop here? Gen. Grant is also urged for next President, and he, too, always a Democrat till this war broke out, now publicly proclaims that slavery and rebellion must fill the same grave. He, then, is an "Abolitionist."

May we not hope that a few weeks will add to the number? Mr. James Guthrie, Gen. McClellan, Gov. Seymour, either have or have had Presidential aspirations. They, too, must realize, what Jeff. Davis has as good as confessed, that slavery is "played out." Will they choose to ride a dead horse in a race for $100,000? May we not hope that *The World* will soon enroll *them* also in its list of "Abolition candidates." Why not?—*Tribune.*

RECONSTRUCTION IN TENNESSEE.

NASHVILLE, Friday, Jan. 22, 1864.

THERE was a large meeting at the Capitol last night to consult on the restoration of civil government in the State. The Hall of the Representatives was densely crowded from floor to gallery. Over 2,000 persons were in attendance. Resolutions were passed recognizing the authority of the National government to secure a Republican government in the rebellious States, by appointing Military Governors, denouncing slavery as an evil in itself, and as the cause of the rebellion, advising the reorganization of the State government by a Constitutional Convention, composed of delegates pledged to immediate and universal Emancipation. The resolutions commend the integrity and fidelity of Gov. Johnson, and request him to call such a Convention. A committee was appointed to select delegates to the Southern Free State Convention in Louisville.

Gov. Johnson made a powerful speech for nearly two hours. He said the people had the right to amend their own Constitution, for they are the source of power. Who dared say the Convention should not meet? Slavery has been the destroying element which tried to put down the government, and the government should put it down immediately and forever. He had unsheathed his sword for universal freedom and thrown away the scabbard. He wanted a free white-men's government, but his platform was broad enough for the freeeom of all, white and black. Let all harness for the great battle of human rights and justice to all, and defy the negro aristocracy and slave-drivers.

Our victory is certain, for we seek the freedom of whites as well as blacks. We must restore the State government on righteous principles, and defraud none of their natural rights; strike the fetters off the slave and let the oppressed go free. Gradual emancipation was preposterous, for it proposed to fit the slave for freedom by prolonging his slavery. There must be no compromise with traitors till treason goes down. Perhaps to-day is the chastening of the nation for our great national sin. Slavery is in our way—let truth triumph, justice prevail, and slavery go down. Let us strike for liberty. Freedom's altar is erected, and he who will not come forward and worship is a coward and a slave. The speech was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

LETTER FROM E. W. GANTT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Wednesday, Jan. 20, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR: Your very kind letter of Dec. 5, directed to me at Little Rock, reached me at this place to-day.

You will perceive it was a long time going, for it had not reached me when I left home on the 19th December. It seems long, but think of one year ago. It could not have gone there at all. Now, it is not so far to Arkansas. And we are getting still nearer. And warm as has been the embrace of our "wild western State," and your great metropolis is bygone years, and bitter as has been the terrible struggle in our nation, our people, just preparing to write up the decree of divorce from negro slavery, will rush to meet you with a warmer and more cordial embrace than ever.

With proper assistance our State will be again in full fellowship with her sister States in four months; and under an anti-slavery Constitution. I have no interest in misrepresenting. I am no politician. *I would not have an office.* I mean what I say. I believe I am an honest man. I want peace—a permanent peace—a speedy peace. *It cannot come but by the sword.* Oh, how bitterly it wrings my heart to say so. Yet it is so, and this is likewise true, that the more men in the field, the more determination and unity displayed, the shorter the struggle, and the less suffering and sorrow inflicted.

I do not deny that I love the South; that every blow inflicted on it agonizes me; but I love my country, and love order, and love republican institutions, and would have all preserved, and I see but one way to do it. The war must be pressed with vigor, the redeemed territory reorganized, and its shattered society built up. And above all, we must let negro slavery be removed at once. Its death must be inevitable. Let it be as easy as possible. Its death will be new life to our nation. To the poor and to the capitalist it opens up a new country, that is like the discovery to them of a new continent.

Thanks for your words of cheer, and generous sympathy and encouragement. I do heartily appreciate it. Yours truly, E. W. GANTT.

WILLIAM H. LEE, Esq., New York.

From The Bucks Co. (Pa.) Intelligencer.

General Gantt, of Arkansas, in his recent speech at Harrisburg, made a startling revelation concerning some of the Democratic leaders in this State. He said that after his capture by the Union forces (he was a General in the rebel service) at Island No. 10, he was brought North through this State as a prisoner of war, and he declared that prominent Democrats of Pennsylvania then conferred with him and assured him *that if the rebels would hold out a little longer they would be successful, for the Democrats of the North would arrest the war by defeating the conscription and otherwise rendering the Administration powerless to prosecute it.* And he added with withering emphasis—"I CAN GIVE YOU THE NAMES IF WHAT I SAY IS DISPUTED!" A number of Democratic members of the Legislature were present, but they did not dare to question the statement or call for the names. He said the Democrats of the North advised them to war, promised to come to their assistance, and then left them alone in the struggle and confined themselves to cowardly, perfidious, stealthy assaults upon their own government. He said that instead of Northern Democrats coming to their assistance, the soldiers of the Union came in overwhelming force and conquered them; but, said he, they brought government with them and rescued us from a tyranny more terrible than death. His speech made a most profound impression.

THE REORGANIZATION OF ARKANSAS.

THE State Constitutional Convention in Arkansas, which convened on the 8th ult., was one of the largest and most intelligent and influential political bodies ever known in that State. An article prohibiting slavery was adopted with but one dissenting voice. The Constitution is to be submitted to the people on the second Monday in March, at which time the State officers and members of the Legislature will be chosen. The Legislature is to meet on the third Monday in April. The action of the Convention was universally satisfactory to the loyal men. The qualification of voters is that prescribed by the President in his proclamation. It is believed that the loyal citizens will be able to poll twenty thousand votes for the Constitution. The Convention will recommend a suitable person for Provisional Governor.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRAMME.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, January 20, 1864.

Major-General Steele:

Sundry citizens of the State of Arkansas petition me that an election may be held in that State, at which to elect a Governor, that it be assumed at that election, and thenceforward, that the Constitution and laws of the State, as before the rebellion, are in full force, except that the Constitution is so modified as to declare that there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted; that the General Assembly may make such provisions for the freed people as shall recognize and declare their permanent freedom and provide for their education, and which may yet be construed as a temporary arrangement suitable for their present condition as a laboring, landless and homeless class; that said election shall be held on the 28th March, 1864, at all the usual places of the State, or all such voters as may attend for that purpose; that the voters attending at each place at eight o'clock in the morning of said day may choose Judges and Clerks of Election for that purpose; that all persons qualified by said Constitution and laws and taking the oath presented in the President's proclamation of December 8th, 1863, either before or at the election, and none others, may be voters; that each set of judges and clerks may make returns directly to you, on or before the —— day of —— next; that, in all other respects, said election may be conducted according to said modified Constitution and laws; that, on receipt of

could not hold out in the contest; now he declares the only hope of the South is in the advance of the Northern armies and the prostration of the infamous despotism which is eating out the vitals of Southern life and making the fairest fields desolate and ghastly.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

WHEN ARE THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETIES TO DISBAND?

As we are approaching, nearer and nearer, as we hope and believe, the accomplishment of the object of our Anti-Slavery organizations, the above question suggests itself to the minds of all their members, though with different answers, according to the point of view from which it is regarded and the character of the observers. As our warfare is not a profitable one as men count profit, nor glorious as the world reckons glory, there are none serving in it that are not most ready and willing to "hang up their bruised arms for monuments" at the earliest moment when it shall be consistent with duty and honor. This, we suppose, we all agree cannot be done until "our brows are bound with victorious wreaths," and as long as any active service in our particular line of duty remains to be done. On this point there is a division of opinion among Abolitionists of long experience, of great intelligence and undoubted devotion to the common cause. Some there are who hold that the work is already done—at least all that can be done by the Anti-Slavery Societies. Slavery, they consider to be virtually dead, and that the blows necessary to dispatch it finally can be better given by hands which have not been held up to swear eternal hatred to it. Or, at any rate, that there is no further occasion for a special and particular organization of the enemies of slavery, when it is generally acknowledged to be the cause of all our political woes, past and present, the continued existence of which is incompatible with the ending of them. These regard the work of the Abolitionists to be done, and that the best thing they can do is to take themselves out of the way and leave the finishing strokes to be given by the President, or the Generals, or the Cabinet, or the States, or whatever hands are destined for its final destruction.

A much larger proportion of the old school Abolitionists believe that there was never a time when the Anti-Slavery organizations were more needed than the present. They think that the nearer the fruition of their hopes appears to be, the more jealously should the events of the day and the men who make or use those events be watched, and that by specially qualified observers, so that it be not snatched from their grasp by selfish ambition or cupidity. They do not regard slavery as now abolished, or as certain of being abolished as a necessary consequence of the war. They know, as they think, that the war was begun, and carried on as long as it could be done, without the smallest regard to the rights of the slave, or the least intention of injuring slavery in any degree. They see the same men in the direction of affairs, military and civil, compelled indeed to measures fatal to slavery, if carried out fully and in good faith, but compelled by the necessities of the white men and not by any sense of duty to the blacks. They think that these men in power would put an end to the war by a peace leaving all of slavery intact that could be saved alive out of the furnace of civil war. They deem, therefore, that it is at least as much the duty of Abolitionists to keep on the alert, and that in their distinctive capacity, as ever it was. That they have an office entirely distinct from that of Republicans and War Democrats, whose object is not primarily the freedom of the slave, but the salvation of the territorial unity and republican institutions of the country, with Emancipation as a necessary incident thereof. Some of these Abolitionists hold, moreover, that the Anti-Slavery Societies should hold over, even after slavery is technically abolished, in order to watch the workings of the Emancipation reluctantly forced upon the country, to see whether the reality of slavery be not virtually preserved under the forms of freedom, and to expose all such abuses and to demand their reformation of public opinion, first, and thence of the authorities who are its servants.

These divergent views will be the subject of the consideration and discussion of the members of those Societies, and will take organic shape accordingly, at the proper time. We think, however, that the prevailing opinion will be on the side of the latter views—at least so far as the maintenance of the organizations until slavery is abolished by law, either of the Nation or the slave States, is concerned. Strong as is the temptation to seize upon the first fair occasion for ceasing from

> "A tedious warfare lingering long
> Through weary day and weary year,"

and tempting as the present state of affairs looks, we can hardly feel as if our work as Abolitionists was over as long as slavery still remains in full force, protected by law and defended by the national troops in the Border States, and while it is still actually in intensest vitality in the rebel country, though legally abolished by the President's Proclamation, provided it be not annulled by the Supreme Court. While the Fugitive Slave Bill is in full force, and is actually enforced within a musket-shot of the President's house and the Capitol, we cannot think that the work of anti-slavery is done. The work of reforming public opinion, which the Abolitionists have done so well, is hardly finished as long as it tolerates these legalized villanies. Slavery has a legal existence, and is actually protected by Courts and United States officials, and as long as this is the case, its natural enemy and logical antagonist, Anti-Slavery, has no right to die by its own hand. We do not agree in opinion with those who think that the Anti-Slavery Societies should continue in existence after slavery shall have ceased to have a legal existence. We think that they should surcease with the legal evil which they were gathered to contend with. Anti-Slavery should end with Slavery in our opinion. We should esteem any attempt to continue the forms of a Society for the destruction of slavery after slavery had been destroyed, a mistake which would be sure to end in weakness and decrepitude. When Chattel Slavery ceases to be a legal institution, in legal effect as well as intendment, let the Societies disband themselves, because their work is done, and their members employ their energies otherwise, even if it be analogous duties that call them forth.

This, it seems to us, is what the dignity of the cause and the self-respect of its supporters call for, and what will be a worthy and memorable rounding of its many years of service and of sacrifice. But we are far from believing that the active duties of the Abolitionists towards the negroes will cease with the legal abolition of slavery. We fully agree with those who hold that a great work will remain for those who have identified themselves for so many years with the slaves, to see to it that their condition as Freedmen is not degraded into a qualified form of slavery. It is vain, of course, to suppose that the old masters, the white population of the South, and, we fear we may add, the emigrants thither from the North which Emancipation will surely attract, will give the freed black any better treatment than enforced law or imagined self-interest will extort. Though the negroes will have emerged from the hell of slavery, they will inevitably have to pass through a purgatorial intermediacy, though for no sins of theirs, before they attain to the enjoyment of full and entire freedom, with all its attributes of intelligence, wealth and political influence. The temptation of all parties, after the abolition of slavery is conceded on all hands as a necessity not to be avoided, will be to grant the slave as few privileges and to get out of him the largest amount of labor at the lowest rate, as is possible. This we know from the constitution of human nature, and from all past and present experience of the treatment of dependent races at the hands of the more crafty and more powerful. To assert the rights, and to demand the redress of the wrongs of the freedmen, will call for the almost undivided attention of a class of men who have no other interest in the matter than that of humanity and the general prosperity and honor of the country. This class of men will naturally, in a great degree, proceed forth from the ranks of the old Abolitionists. There will be many to unite with them here who stood aloof from them before. Indeed, such organizations, composed of Abolitionists and others, already exist, called into being by the necessities of the war. In such societies, or in direct political action, the Abolitionists will find fitting work, and enough of it, for long years to come. While therefore we think that the Anti-Slavery Societies should disband themselves whenever slavery is actually abolished by recognized and enforced law, we hold that they will never be discharged from their duties to the enfranchised bondman until no scar of chain or scourge remain upon his body or his soul.

THE RIGHT OF CONGRESS TO ABOLISH SLAVERY.

——— N. Y., Jan. 25, 1864.

REV. SAMUEL MAY, JR.—*Dear Sir:* To your circular of Dec. 26, enclosing petition, I should be very glad to respond, and to enter into the work it proposes with all my heart. But I am unable to conceive how Congress can abolish slavery in any but the rebel States. What can it do in Maryland, Kentucky, Delaware, Missouri? I know slavery ought to be abolished there, and everywhere. But I do not see how Congress can do anything in those States, except by the consent of the States themselves. Now I cannot doubt that you and all others of learning and consideration, engaged in this petition business, have considered this point thoroughly, and see, or think you see, most clearly how its pressure is obviated. Have you any "tract" on the subject? I am a moderately faithful reader of THE STANDARD. If you will print a line, and send me, or write one, I shall be much obliged to you.

I congratulate the Abolitionists on their faithfulness still, and their clearness of vision—though this is scarcely more than saying that I congratulate myself—in that they do not believe the work accomplished, nor even progress secure, until slavery, wounded, bleeding, gasping, is officially announced as dead; till not the slightest feather from the downiest wing of the celebrated "bird of freedom" can be stirred by its breath; till the coffin is screwed down on its remains, put into the pit, covered over, and the tomb-stone erected, legible to all the world. Yours truly, ——— ———.

[REPLY.]

BOSTON, Jan. 31, 1864.

REV. MR. ———, *Dear Sir:* Yours of the 25th duly reached me, but at a time of unusual pre-occupation, and this is the first hour I have been able to give to a reply.

However others might meet the points you present, my own answer to your doubt of the right of Congress to abolish slavery in the States of Maryland, Kentucky, etc., etc., is this: I do not claim that there is any constitutional grant of such a power to Congress; nor should I think, in ordinary times and circumstances, of asking them to exercise such a power. But it is a time of *war*. We have had three years of it nearly; the nation has been placed in most imminent peril of its existence; even now, the issue is by no means certain in its favor; even if (apparently) successful, it may be, and now looks likely to be, on a basis which will give the now rebel States a voice and hand in the management of our civil affairs, thus greatly to endanger our future, keeping open and unsettled the most perilous questions of the times: an immense debt has been thrown upon us and generations after us, and hundreds of thousands of lives have been sacrificed. And for what? What was the origin of the rebellion? What its inspiring motive? What its object? There can be but one answer—there *is* only one. It is SLAVERY; slavery, in the rank and consequence it confers on a few *privileged* ones; slavery, in its ministrations to every evil human passion, ambition, lust, love of ease; slavery, in the political field it opens and the political power it confers.

It is *slavery*—as you will be one of the last to dispute—which has thus lifted a murderous hand against the nation's life.

What is a government's first duty? Surely, self-preservation. That must precede all others. The law of self-preservation is the first law, and especially binding on a government exercising powers delegated to it by a whole people, by express election. The government and people of the United States may surely be supposed to see clearly now, after the experience of the three past years—what even slaveholders in great numbers see—that slavery is the unappeasable and necessary enemy of our Union, our Government, our Constitution, our Liberties, our Future. This is now a demonstrated fact. If so, the government is not only justified in removing it entirely out of the way, but will deserve to be branded in all time and in all history as false to its trust, if it does not so remove it. The want of specific Constitutional provisions, thereto directing and enabling it, seems to me of no weight whatever. And why? The Constitution does not provide at all for rebellion, secession, or national suicide. We may safely say, that it takes for granted a *power in the people* to preserve the government they have formed; and it is evident that the American people are determined to preserve their government. But, it is demonstrated to us that it cannot be preserved, if slavery be allowed to continue a social and political element in it. What must our conclusion be then? Clearly, that the people, by their servants, the President and Congress, *have the right* to abolish and extirpate this demonstrated foe, this necessarily fatal element in our national system.

Such is my reasoning, based upon rights and powers higher than, and anterior to, any Constitution. Of course, let it be ascertained who among the slaveholders have been free from all taint of rebellion, and been fairly and at heart loyal throughout, and let compensation be made to such for the "property" which, in regard alike to necessity and duty, the nation takes from them. And surely, if mere public convenience allows and authorizes public officers to lay out a highway, without my consent and in spite of my remonstrance, directly through my land and house even—giving me compensation for the same—much more may the government of the whole country, for the profoundest reasons of national salvation and security, lay its hand everywhere on an "institution," or custom, or "property," proved to be the nation's sworn foe, and which cannot be suffered to live without fatal consequences.

And are we not fully sustained in this position by the high authority of that ablest American statesman, John Quincy Adams? A state of war, he declared in the most unqualified terms, gives to Congress, to the President, to the General Commanding, the right and the power to abolish slavery, at any moment that the exigencies of the contest, or the welfare of the nation, may seem to demand it; and that, whether the war be with a domestic or foreign foe. Could there ever be a clearer case than ours? How can we hesitate now, and hamper ourselves with considerations of precedent and constitutional provision for a state of things never anticipated? I desire no rashness, no official assumption of undelegated power. But the people have summoned their government to save and maintain the country. God grant that the government be not so blinded as to lose sight of our great opportunity of freedom, nor so lacking in true courage that it dare not strike the one great blow for liberty and our country, while we may.

In the fullest confidence of your own love of Liberty, I remain, most truly yours, SAMUEL MAY, JR.

P. S. The American Anti-Slavery Society published the Views of John Quincy Adams on this subject, in a tract form, nearly three years ago, and has disseminated them widely.

CORRECTION.—Among the news paragraphs in THE STANDARD of Jan. 16th was the following, copied from one of our exchanges:

"Thirteen men visited the house of Mr. M. A. Linton, a Quaker, residing near Richview, in Washington County, Ill., on the night of the 5th ult., armed with revolvers, and demanded his daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, just home from school, on pain of instant death of the entire family in case of refusal. Resistance was impossible; the girl was dragged to her room, forced to dress, carried to a buggy, and taken away; eight men remaining to guard the house until morning. No clue to the villains or her whereabouts has been gained."

A friend who knows the parties assures us that this paragraph, while it is partially true, is mainly false, and that it was set afloat in the newspapers for a base purpose. We have not space to print the whole story; it is enough to say that the "beautiful girl" in question was taken away by her own mother, with the aid not of 13, but of 3 of her friends. If the facts are correctly stated by our friend—as we have every reason to believe they are—the mother was not only justified in the course she pursued, but worthy of honor for the maternal and moral heroism which she displayed.

ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Thirty-first Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society was held in Boston, at the Tremont Temple, on Thursday, Jan. 28, 1864. It was called to order at 10½ o'clock, by the President, EDMUND QUINCY.

WENDELL P. GARRISON was nominated, and unanimously chosen Assistant Secretary of the meeting.

SAMUEL MAY, JR., the General Agent of the Society, made a brief verbal Report of the action of the Society, in cooperation with the American Anti-Slavery Society, and other kindred instrumentalities, during the year passed. He closed by saying that the immediate, pressing question now before the Society is this: shall we, yielding to the counsel of some extremely hopeful members of this Society, disband, and withdraw the great moral element and power of organized Anti-Slavery action from the field?—or, shall we by a vigorous union of all our hearts, hands and labors, do our utmost to keep awake the aroused conscience and moral sense of the nation—the element which is now absolutely indispensable to the rightful decision of those questions, upon which the safety and security of our country entirely depend?

Mr. GARRISON read to the Society a letter from the venerable Jesse Stedman, of Springfield, VT. It was heard with interest, and directed to be published with the proceedings.

Mr. MAY read a letter from Hon. Tyler Bigelow, of Watertown, addressed to the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Committee of the Music Hall meeting of last evening, and for which there had been no time then. It bore a very strong testimony on the subject of slavery, and was heard with eminent satisfaction.

On motion, the following were chosen a business Committee:

Business Committee—William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Andrew T. Foss, Parker Pillsbury, Henry C. Wright, Wm. Wells Brown, Stephen S. Foster, Abby K. Foster, Elizabeth B. Chase.

THE PRESIDENT spoke briefly, contrasting the present meeting with that held by this Society, in this very place, three years ago—tumultuous, bloody-minded—the Secessionists and Slavery-ists of the North cooperating with the secessionists and incipient rebels in the South to destroy this Society, and to take the lives of some of its members, and especially of Mr. Phillips, who, it was designed, should never go from the Hall alive. Mr. Quincy said, a gentleman now sat near him, who on that day of mob-rule came into this Society's meeting, and offered prayer—Rev. R. C. Waterston. He hoped Mr. W. would now give to the meeting some of the views which the changed state of the city, the country, and the nation, could not have failed to impress upon his mind.

Rev. ROBERT C. WATERSTON said that the mob referred to was apparently the last spasm of the pro-slavery element. We have been rescued from the vortex in which the nation seemed likely to be swamped, and one can look forward to the answer to our appeals and efforts in general emancipation. This is one of those times in which the Divine hand is visible in human affairs. It is no longer faith but sight; we know that the cause of justice will obtain the support of Providence and final victory. That which was uttered in times past from the Anti-Slavery platform, in regard to the demoralizing influence of slavery, and which was deemed groundless, harsh, or bitter, Providence has demonstrated to be the truth, and has developed already the essential antagonism of slavery and freedom. The colored people were considered unfit for immediate emancipation, unable to sustain themselves; or were argued feeble-minded and incapable as a race; or again were asserted to be vindictive, and formidable if ever set at liberty. Providence has demonstrated them to be free from all spirit of vindictiveness; and has made manifest their power and their will to support themselves. Their desire for knowledge has been perfectly surprising, in all ages and both sexes, and their skill, industry and thrift have been wonderfully manifested. As soldiers, they have repelled the accusation of cowardice, with unsurpassed heroism. All honor to our friends and kinsmen, who have gone but to expose their lives for their country, and to all who endure privations in her cause! But if any distinctions are to be made, who are the bravest of the brave? Those blacks who are willing to fight merely as privates, and in the face of barbarity and torture if taken prisoners. It was a proud day for Boston when the first colored regiment marched through her streets. The capacity for discipline which they have manifested, was joined to the highest courage where opportunity offered at Fort Wagner. The testimony to the soldierly qualities of the blacks comes from those who were formerly the most prejudiced against them.

Turning to the work of this Society, Mr. W. asked if the whole of its duty was performed when the slave was simply freed. Emancipation is but the pioneer work of blasting the rock and levelling the forest; education follows to sow the grain and raise the golden harvest. The most glorious work is yet opening—to lift up the freedmen with education, counsel, culture. The day of antagonism is over, and that of befriending begins. He is the greatest mind who could contend when it was necessary, and can now assist and elevate those for whom he had contended successfully. Our duty towards the colored man should constitute a part of our duty to mankind. The spectacle is sublime of the progress of our education amid the carnage of this war. The school-house follows the advancing lines of our armies. The spirit was admirable with which young men and women, of the highest intelligence, have abandoned pecuniary advantages and personal ease, in order to instruct the freedmen, and to satisfy their thirst for knowledge.

WENDELL PHILLIPS was introduced, and came forward amidst applause:

N. B. A full report of Mr. Phillips's speech will be given hereafter. In the course of his remarks, Mr. P. offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That, in our opinion, the government in its haste is ready to sacrifice the interests and honor of the North to secure a sham peace; thereby risking the introduction into Congress of a strong confederate minority to embarrass legislation, and leaving the freedmen and the Southern States under the control of the late slaveholders, embittered by their defeat in war, and entailing on the country intestine feuds for another dozen years; and we listen in vain, either for the leaders of the Republican party or from its journals, for any such protest as would arrest national attention, and create a public opinion decisive enough to avert the sacrifice.

Mr. Waterston's speech was one of much eloquence, and moved the sympathies of the audience deeply. We regret that a full report is not in our power.

WM. WELLS BROWN said the colored people had a most lively interest in passing events. He reviewed the spirit in which the War was at first waged on the part of the government and nation. Union was to have been restored without affecting slavery. The services of the colored man were rejected with contempt. Defeat on the battle-field necessitated the employment of the blacks as soldiers, and since then our progress has been steady, both in the war and in the political status of the colored people. The President to-day receives colored men at his reception, and in Louisiana they have seats in a loyal convention. Still, the drawbacks are numerous. The more loyal a slaveholder in the Border Slave States, the more secure is he in his power to hold slaves. Kentucky and Tennessee, being exempted from the Proclamation, are the asylum of more slaves than ever. Kidnapping is active, even in the District. The colored servants accompanying some of our colored regiments, and who were freed by the Proclamation, were seized in Louisville, imprisoned, and exposed for sale.

These facts are a source of fear to the colored people. To abandon anti-slavery work at such a crisis would be folly. We must talk, petition, labor in every way till the black man's rights are recognized, and till slavery is buried beyond all hope of resurrection.

THE PRESIDENT nominated the following Finance Committee:

James N. Buffum, Eben. D. Draper, Lewis Ford, Joshua T. Everett, Mrs. Frances H. Drake, Nathaniel B. Spooner.

At 1¼ o'clock, adjourned to 2½.

Afternoon Session.

Met according to adjournment, the PRESIDENT in the chair.

JOHN PARKER, a colored man, recently from Virginia, addressed the meeting. He said he had been a slave in Virginia—was taken into the rebel army to work upon fortifications and dig ditches, and was a gunner in the first battle at Bull Run. He was promised his freedom, and land for his own, "when the Yankees were whipped"; but, he asked himself, where would the land be, if the Yankees weren't whipped? So he took leg-bail, and got away into Pennsylvania. [He continued in a humorous strain; and afterwards, by request, gave account of his brutal treatment by a party of seven newly-recruited soldiers in Worcester; three of them were arrested and held for trial, but were taken from the county jail, and suffered to rejoin the army.]

Mr. GARRISON read a letter, just received from George Thompson, Esq., acknowledging with thanks the resolution passed at Philadelphia (at the Third Decade Meeting,) referring to himself and his services in behalf of the American cause since the breaking out of the rebellion. Mr. Thompson said he had taken passage for America in the steamer Asia, to sail from Liverpool January 23d.

Mr. G. also read a letter from Daniel Ricketson, of New Bedford, enclosing a series of resolutions to be offered to the meeting, and they were read as follows:

Resolved, That to charge the Abolitionists with being responsible for the present war is in the nature of the same injustice as to accuse Christianity with being the cause of all the violence and bloodshed that her exposure of wickedness may have aroused in the hearts of the enemies of the truth.

Resolved, That the weapons of the Christian reformer are not carnal, but spiritual; and that nothing short of a living faith in God and Christianity can ensure success to the cause of humanity against its foes.

Resolved, That if the teachers of religion at the North had been faithful to the doctrines and precepts of Christianity, it is reasonable to conclude, with the light of the nineteenth century, the abolition of slavery could have been effected without bloodshed.

Resolved, That with our faith unshaken in the doctrine of "peace on earth, and good will towards men," we still recognize, amid all the confusion of the present bloody struggle of Slavery against Freedom, the hand of an overruling Providence, evolving good out of evil, and hastening the day when the sword of the oppressor shall be broken, and the oppressed set free.

Resolved, That we not only have no sympathy with that portion of the community "who cry peace, when there is no peace," but we abhor in our hearts that base hypocrisy which, under the semblance of good, would enact evil, and "steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in."

Resolved, That while we rejoice in the Proclamation of January 1, 1863, by which the slave States are pronounced free, we shall not rest from our labors until a full and unconditional act of emancipation shall be consummated; and that we, on this occasion, renew our pledge to this great object and end.

HENRY C. WRIGHT read an extract from a speech of Hon. Henry T. Blow, of Missouri, on the modes to be employed in restoring Missouri to the Union as a Free State; also the resolutions of a preliminary Free State Convention in Florida; also a part of an editorial article from the New York *Tribune*, showing the tendency of slavery to its downfall in the border and conquered slave States. These remarkable indications of the revolution of public sentiment at the South were contrasted with the rebellious posture of every slave State at the outbreak of the war. Mr. Wright alluded to yet more encouraging facts in our national progress, especially the legal emancipation of 3,000,000 slaves, and contended that the aim of the Abolitionists was not the reduction of aristocracy, but simply the abolition of chattel slavery. This latter question he thought virtually settled; and so far our work was done. But he heartily coincided with what had been said in regard to our duties towards the freedmen. He was full of hope as to the destruction of slavery under the war, and strong in the faith that our republic will live a higher life because of the struggle through which it has passed. The grand idea of the future is the equality of all men, without regard to race or locality. In this we should school ourselves, and upon this build a free government at home, and pull down every despotism abroad.

A gentleman in the audience, confirmed by Mr. Phillips, corrected Mr. Wright's statement as to the sole aim of the Society, which embraces the elevation and improvement of the colored race as well as its enfranchisement.

NAHUM OSGOOD, of Salisbury, adverted to his early connection with the anti-slavery movement, and of the principle of doing to others as he would others should do to him, which he had endeavored to keep strictly before him. He saw constant and great progress; and believed that the colored man must be, and would be, lifted up into freedom and citizenship.

JAMES N. BUFFUM, Chairman of the Finance Committee, announced the result of the morning's collection, and urged its increase to the sum of $1,000. His own experience was that no investment was better than in the Anti-Slavery Society. He referred to the mob, which, three years since, broke up the John Brown Commemoration Meeting in this city. He was told in that meeting, by Mr. Richard S. Fay, that the anti-slavery movement must be put down; and I am determined, said the speaker to me, to put it down. "Well, Mr. Fay," said I, "you have got a great job on your hands. Won't you let me know when you have done it?" Since that, Mr. Fay has found it needful, for health or some other reason, to leave the country. But he could not go without writing a letter publicly expressing his satisfaction at the prospect that slavery would be utterly destroyed in the land, as the result of the Southern rebellion, and of the growth of anti-slavery sentiment in the land.

Mr. Buffum gave some account of a recent visit to Washington, and of the many evidences of anti-slavery growth he there met with. He heard from the lips of a slave woman belonging to the rebel Gen. Lee, the account of the flogging she received at her master's own hand—a fact which has been made public and denied.

EDWIN THOMPSON indulged in some retrospective remarks, for our encouragement amid the present progress; and urged a generous and steady support of the old Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER said our duty was, in the past, to tear up and destroy a wicked institution, but now he thought it was somewhat different. Reconstruction is to take the place of destruction for the old system—the old Union—is gone forever, and can never be restored. If, as is charged, we brought on this war, the same power who enabled us will continue the war till our end is accomplished. In rebuilding, we must rear upon principles, fundamental and far-reaching. To this point Mr. F. read some resolutions which he had prepared, and would submit to the meeting.

Mr. Foster said he thought the Declaration of Independence was a neglected instrument in the present conflict, and yet in it is contained the supreme law of the land, and it ought to be wielded with powerful effect. Freedom was the promised reward of those who were summoned to take up arms against the mother country. The pledge was for liberty and equality, and was irrevocable.

Mr. Foster criticized the feasibility of Mr. Phillips's plan for check-mating the Supreme Court by amending the Constitution. He thought that Court would not recognize an amendment, except from three-fourths of *all* the States. It was on this account that he deemed his own resolutions important. The people must assert their supremacy, and not commit themselves into the power of their servants.

The Chair appointed the following persons a committee on nomination of officers of the Society, for the ensuing year:

John T. Sargent, Boston; William Ashby, Newburyport; Bourne Spooner, Plymouth; Jefferson Church, Springfield; George Miles, Westminster; Elbridge Sprague, Abington; Elias Richards, Weymouth; Wm. Wells Brown, Cambridge; Benj. Snow, Jr., Fitchburg; H. W. Blanchard, Dorchester; Ezekiel Thatcher, Barnstable; Josiah Hayward, Salem; Otis G. Cheever, Sheldonville.

Adjourned to 7½ o'clock.

Evening Session.

Met according to adjournment, the PRESIDENT in the chair.

Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, with a few preliminary remarks upon the encouraging aspect of the time, and urging the faithful use of every means of influence, presented the report of the Nominating Committee, as follows:

President—EDMUND QUINCY, of Dedham.

Vice-Presidents—Bourne Spooner, of Weymouth; William Ashby, of Newburyport; Adin Ballou, of Hopedale; Jefferson Church, of Springfield; Josiah Henshaw, of West Brookfield; Henry I. Bowditch, of Boston; James N. Buffum, of Lynn; John T. Hilton, of Brighton; Ellis Allen, of Medfield; George S. Flint, of Rutland; John Bailey, of Lynn; David P. Harmon, of Haverhill; Thomas T. Stone, of Bolton; Ezekiel Thatcher, of Barnstable; Charles Lenox Remond, of Salem; John Clement, of Townsend; Atkinson Stanwood, of Newburyport; Joshua T. Everett, of Princeton; Benjamin Snow, Jr., of Fitchburg; George Miles, of Westminster; Timothy Davis, of Framingham; Zebina H. Small, of Harwich; William Pope, Jr., of Dorchester.

Corresponding Secretary—Samuel May, Jr., of Leicester.

Recording Secretary—Robert F. Wallcut, of Boston.

Treasurer—Edmund Jackson, of Boston.

Auditor—William I. Bowditch, of Brookline.

Counsellors—William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Maria W. Chapman, Charles K. Whipple, Anne W. Weston, John T. Sargent, Charles E. Hodges, Ezra H. Heywood, Sarah J. Nowell.

Report amended by adding Mrs. Sarah J. Nowell to the list of Counsellors, and then unanimously adopted; and the persons therein named were duly elected.

ANDREW T. FOSS, of New Hampshire, said he had recently travelled very extensively in New Hampshire, and he found it to be the nearly universal belief there, that slavery was smitten with its death-wound. This was the conviction of both friends and foes. It was his own belief. In all great causes, there are the two periods of seed-time and harvest. For a long time we were sowing the precious seed of anti-slavery truth; now, in accordance with unchangeable moral law, we may rightfully look for the harvest. We are not content to demand the emancipation of the slave as a military necessity. Others may do that, and I am glad to have it demanded on any grounds; but we demand it in the name of the living God, and in accordance with the principles of eternal justice. In New Hampshire there exists a party which still aims at conserving slavery, though I think they are beginning to doubt the possibility of it, and so are striving after other new issues. Now I am willing to say, that I believe it to be one great part of our anti-slavery duty at this time to keep that party out of office and power. This may sound like politics. I can't help it. I am for helping with all my strength whatever goes for the death of slavery. I know the Republicans are not very anti-slavery, and many of them protest they have no such purpose or thought as to interfere with it; but I know, too, that parties, like individuals, are often agents of a power higher than themselves; and I believe the Republican party is destined and foreordained, whether they know it or not, to give slavery its death-blow. I have no wish or design to mix in party politics; but I hope to be one to help save New Hampshire from copperhead, or in other words democratic power, as the word *democratic* is used or abused now-a-days. Stephen S. Foster and Anna E. Dickinson saved New Hampshire from the copperheads last year, and anti-slavery agents hope to do at least as well this year.

Mr. WM. A. JACKSON, ex-coachman of Jeff. Davis, said he felt embarrassed at speaking amid the pioneers of the cause. But he felt strengthened by the thought that he should speak for a race, and not for an individual. In regard to his own birth, birthplace and color, he had not been consulted, and was not responsible for these accidents. If anyone found fault with him on account of these, he might settle the matter with the Almighty. Having had but twenty months of freedom, he must be judged in his efforts this evening by the fact of so short a term of schooling. He thought Jeff. Davis must be feeling pretty bad, now that his best friends are leaving him—James, his body-servant, and himself, his coachman. To get the body-servant is next-door to getting Jeff. himself, and perhaps forebodes it.

Mr. Jackson referred to his New Hampshire campaign with Mr. Foss as a proof of great progress. The only difficulty of getting into the churches was on account of the objection of their occupants to their defilement by tobacco-juice, etc.

The Border States now constitute the strength of slavery, and we must not rest till the system is abolished from Missouri to Delaware. Slavery will then tumble of itself in Virginia and the other rebel States. Loyal slaveholders are the most dangerous class of men. They are the obstacle to the perfect Union which ought to be. They are the allies of the British aristocrats who are seeking a division of the Republic.

In this connection, Mr. J. (who has himself been in England during the past year) paid a proper tribute to the efforts of GEORGE THOMPSON, JOHN BRIGHT, PETER SINCLAIR, and others, in staving off the efforts at recognition of the South by England. He alluded humorously to his interview with Mason, upon whose departure for Paris he himself left for America, thinking all was well in England.

In conclusion, Mr. Jackson presented forcibly the connection between the cause of the slave and our own welfare, and the necessity of vigilance and further work.

Mr. GARRISON came forward, and said:

I have never listened to such a speech as that which has just been made with so much modesty, propriety and intelligence by our fugitive slave friend, Mr. Jackson, without being powerfully impressed as to that awful feature of the slave system—namely, the suppression of all intellectual and moral activity on the part of its victims. The numerous instances we have had, in the course of our long struggle, of fugitives from the house of bondage, who, whenever an opportunity has been presented, have manifested a surprising amount of hitherto latent shrewdness, sense, and fluency of speech in creditably addressing public assemblies, demonstrate that the emancipation of those in thraldom will be a general resurrection of buried mind, and the commencement of a career of improvement and self-elevation that will ultimately be crowned with glory.

I hold in my hand two resolutions, in addition to those already offered, which I will read to the meeting:

Resolved, That the results of the general emancipation of the slaves now going on in our land, in consequence of the rebellion of the South and the efforts of the government for its suppression, have gloriously confirmed the most sanguine predictions and expectations of the Abolitionists, and demonstrated the folly and iniquity of those who prophesied "evil, only evil, and that continually," if slavery were abolished; and that no matter how or wherever tried, even under circumstances of a fearfully depressing nature—whether as free laborers or as soldiers—the liberated bondmen have shown themselves abundantly competent to take care of themselves, to vindicate their manhood, and to be put in possession of all those rights and immunities which are acceded to all other classes in this country.

Resolved, That while we deeply regret that our honored friend and faithful colaborer, GEORGE THOMPSON, is not with us on the present occasion, in accordance with his original intention, we rejoice to believe that he is now on his way to the United States; where on his arrival he may be assured of a hearty welcome, not only from his old anti-slavery associates, for his long-continued services in the cause of the chattelized millions in our land, but also from all truly loyal men, for his zealous and powerful support in England of the American government in its efforts to suppress the most unjustifiable and most hideous rebellion ever recorded upon the bloody page of history; and we call upon all such to manifest their gratitude and respect by seeking the earliest opportunity to make such public recognition of his service as his patriotic and republican efforts eminently deserve.

Mr. President, in the presence of this audience, I need add little, by way of remark, to the resolution concerning GEORGE THOMPSON—the true and faithful friend of our country for thirty years, if ever it had one (applause). It is cause for joy and congratulation, that the times are so far changed that he can now come here, not only without fear of insult or mob violence, but with the assurance that he will receive the respect and greeting of all freedom-loving and truly loyal spirits in the land. Ever since this monstrous rebellion broke out, he has proved himself to be its most active opponent, and, consequently, the most devoted and untiring advocate of the American government and its emancipation policy, of all who have spoken or written on the subject in England; and to him, primarily, we owe a very large amount of that friendly popular manifestation which, from time to time, has been transmitted to us, in various forms of expression, across the wide Atlantic. Certainly, we shall all delight to do him honor on his arrival, and to give him a most cordial welcome (applause).

Mr. President, in consequence of a severe domestic affliction, and of bodily debility, I am not mentally or physically in a condition to make a speech; and, therefore, I shall not attempt to make one. But I wish to propose an amendment to the resolution which was submitted to the meeting by my friend Mr. Phillips this forenoon, and which he advocated with his usual ability and eloquence. As it now stands, it reads thus:

"Resolved, That, in our opinion, the government, in its haste, is *ready to sacrifice the interest and honor of the North to secure a sham peace*," etc,

I am not prepared to bring this charge, nor to cast this imputation. I believe that there is only one party at the North that is ready to make such a sacrifice for such an object, and that is the party of copperheads. I would therefore propose that the resolution be amended as follows:

"Resolved, That, in our opinion, the government, in its haste, is *in danger of sacrificing*," etc.

This, Mr. President, is what I am willing to admit, and what I believe; but I would always rather err on the side of charitable judgment than of excessive condemnation. The resolution, as offered, is an impeachment of motives, not of ability or vigilance. It commits us to the assertion, that we believe the government—meaning Mr. Lincoln in particular—is ready to do a most infamous act, namely, "to sacrifice the interest and honor of the North to secure a sham peace," whereby the President's Emancipation Proclamation shall be rendered null and void, and the slave oligarchy restored to their original sumpremacy. Now, sir, I do not believe a word of it, and therefore I cannot vote for it. To be ready to do a base thing for a base end implies both will and purpose; it means something more than liability; it amounts to perfidy. There was a time when I had little confidence in Abraham Lincoln, and very little respect for him: it was when, for almost eighteen months after secession had taken place, he was evidently averse to seeing that slavery had any vital connection with the rebellion, and so refused to strike a blow at its existence. Then he was specially admired by the Democratic party, and warmly eulogized all over the North by such papers as the Boston *Post* and *Courier*, the New York *Express*, Bennett's *Herald*, and *The Journal of Commerce*, as the sagacious, patriotic and faithful President, who kept all "fanatics" at a distance, and refused to be guided by their policy. But the time came at last, when the President, unless he was determined to be willfully and wickedly blind, was compelled to see that slavery and the rebellion were indissolubly bound up together. Then came the proclamation of unconditional and everlasting emancipation to three million three hundred thousand slaves, leaving not one to clank his fetters in any rebel State; and then, all that is vile and seditious in the copperhead, pro-slavery, rebel-sympathizing element in the North burst forth against him, and to this hour continues to pour every vial of its wrath upon his head. Since that event, and in view of what has followed in the enrolment of tens of thousands of colored soldiers, I have changed my opinion of Abraham Lincoln. In proportion as he has fallen in the estimation of the disloyal portion of the North, he has risen in my own. True, he is open to criticism for his slowness, and needs spurring on to yet more decisive action; but I am not willing to believe that he is "ready to sacrifice the interest and honor of the North, to secure a sham peace" with the rebels. That is a very grave charge. Such is not the conviction of the people, nor of the rebels themselves who would like to destroy him. Popular conventions and gatherings are nominating him by acclamation for reelection to the Presidency. The Legislature of Kansas—radical, suffering, anti-slavery Kansas—has unanimously given the same verdict. Every Republican member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania has signed an address to the President, earnestly urging him to consent to a renomination. Even the Legislature of Maryland—now overwhelmingly loyal and strongly anti-slavery—has by vote formally expressed the same wish.

Taking all things into consideration—especially in view of the fact that he has not only decreed the liberation of every slave in Rebeldom forever, but stands repeatedly committed, as no other man does, before heaven and earth, to maintain it so long as he is in office—in my judgment the reelection of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States would be the safest and wisest course, in the present state of our national affairs, on the part of those who are friendly to his Administration. No other candidate would probably carry so strong a vote in opposition to copperhead democracy. Such, at least, is my conviction.

Mr. MAY gave notice of the financial needs of the occasion, and of a collection especially for the expenses of the meeting.

WENDELL PHILLIPS read from the Business Committee three resolutions, being a portion of those offered by Mr. Foster in the afternoon, together with an additional one:

Whereas, Recent events having thrown the whole question of slavery into the hands of the Federal government, it has become our duty as Abolitionists, in this critical moment of our national existence, to make known our wishes and intentions in regard to the political future of the colored race; therefore,

stood to be a tacit agreement between Gov. Bramlette and the President, to shield Kentucky from another Gen. Birney. In the Missouri conflict Mr. Lincoln was neutral, when he might have settled it with Fremont in an instant. Is this the leader in whom we can trust for reconstruction? Not unless the North can crush him into submission. Some hope lies in the fact that Mr. Lincoln's obstinacy is not so long as the course of events. But the voice of trade begins to be heard. Presidential speculation is rife. A new banking system is to make the country $18 000 000 poorer than it would be if the banks were uncreated. We are in danger of letting the wound film over, instead of healing from the centre.

I am not here to oppose the renomination of Abraham Lincoln. Give me a North, and I care little for men. Three New York presses in their right mind can counteract any officer. The peril of the moment is, that the nation is crystalizing round the President's plan, and new States are already in the process of return. South Carolina restored under the Amnesty would not be safe for Robert Small; and for this, if for no other reason, I say *Veto* to the President's Amnesty Proclamation, and shall to my dying day.

Mr. GARRISON, in reply, said the lateness of the hour rendered it undesirable to prolong this discussion; but he could not refrain from saying a few words. Without approving all Mr. Lincoln's acts, censuring much that he has done, he was inclined to regard him as a fair representative of the popular sentiment, and perhaps to have advanced, on the whole, as fast and as far as the people were ready to endorse him. ("No, no!") Well, that is a matter of opinion; every one must decide for himself. The President must be judged by his possibilities, rather than by our wishes, or by the highest abstract moral standard. That he might safely have done more, he (Mr. G.) believed; but the President did not think so, and had been true to himself.

Mr. Phillips had expressed his warm approval of and entire confidence in Gen. Grant and Gen. Butler; but neither of these had, in word or deed, gone beyond the line of the President's policy. Why, then, were they to be approved and confided in, and he to be held up to suspicion and condemnation?

Mr. Garrison said he scarcely knew how to reconcile the sentiments of his friend Mr. Phillips respecting the President. Last evening, at Music Hall, he spoke of him as the sun so bright in its effulgence as to make it difficult for some to see the spots on its surface; to-day he had expressed the belief that there was not a drop of blood in the President's veins that was not anti-slavery; and now he had occupied almost an hour in representing that sun as one globe of darkness, and imputing to Mr. Lincoln a readiness to "sacrifice the interest and honor of the North to procure a sham peace" whereby his own emancipation measures would be thwarted by a return of the rebels to power.

Mr. Phillips had also eulogized Gen. Fremont; but he (Mr. G.) must frankly confess that, while he had been a warm admirer of Fremont, his interest in him had been lessened in view of the fact, that in no way had he publicly expressed any satisfaction in regard to the President's Emancipation proclamation, or any approval of the act authorizing the enrollment of colored soldiers.

Mr. PHILLIPS—It is not fair to criticise him when he is forbidden by the government to speak a word.

Mr. GARRISON—No! but he has always a right to be magnanimous; and if he may not censure, he may at least loudly approve of those measures which strike at the very root of the rebellion. What a glorious opportunity he has lost to show himself superior to all personal feelings towards the government!

As to the Amnesty Proclamation, he entirely concurred with Mr. Phillips in regarding it as pregnant with evil consequences. He had elsewhere condemned it in unequivocal terms. He denied the competency of the President to set aside the Confiscation act, or to recognize a State as in the Union, when only one-tenth of those who voted at the polls in 1860 should avow their loyalty, leaving the other nine-tenths still arrayed in rebellion against the government. He held that no election should be deemed valid in any rebel State until it was thoroughly subdued.

In conclusion, Mr. Garrison referred to the treatment of our colored soldiers, and especially of the Massachusetts 54th and 55th Regiments, in the matter of pay, and to their refusal to accept the payment of ten dollars a month offered them by the War Department, and so admit their inferiority to white soldiers. Nothing in history, in this connection, is more honorable and noble that this action of theirs. It is a shame to the government that just and equal pay has so long been withheld from these soldiers, on the pretext of a law of Congress, passed in reference not to colored *soldiers*, but *laborers*. Nor is any special law needed to secure the payment of these arrears, or to do justice in the future. There is already law enough. These men were enrolled as citizen-soldiers of Massachusetts and the United States, and it is not constitutionally in the power of Congress or the War Department to degrade or defraud them. He hoped Senators Sumner and Wilson would oppose the passage of any special enactment, and demand full payment for them under the general law of Congress.

The signs of the times are encouraging. All loyal men, North and South, agree in the necessity of having slavery destroyed. But let us be vigilant and uncompromising to the end, and at the same time ever dispose to give credit to whom it is due.

S. S. FOSTER regretted the lateness of the hour, which compelled an adjournment of this most interesting discussion. He desired that the Society should be unanimous at this crisis. For himself he was hopeful, but he saw that our mission was not yet terminated. To leave the freedman where he is now, would leave him grovelling in the condition of the poor whites, a little better than a slave. Since Sumter fell, there has been no unanimous expression of principles on the part of this Society, but each member has been obliged to speak for himself. Our great debates have ceased altogether.

Mr. Foster expressed his surprise that the President of the American Anti-Slavery Society should nominate for President a man who is keeping a million of slaves in bondage. Mr. Lincoln is the embodiment of the Dred Scott decision. He it was who sought to save the Union and save slavery at the same time. Having now the power to abolish slavery in the Border States he refuses to exercise it.

He thought the proposed amendment of the resolution would render it worse than useless. For his own resolutions, of which only a part were reported back, he wished action to be taken on the whole series in detail, so important did he deem them.

The question was then taken on the amendment to Mr. Phillips' resolution, as was moved by Mr. Garrison. The Chair being in doubt as to the vote, it was again taken by the raising of hands, and the amendment was declared to be lost, but the number of those voting on either side (quite large) was not given.

The original resolution was then adopted, by almost the same majority which had rejected the amendment.

The other resolutions before the Society, as reported from the Business Committee, were adopted.

☞ The entire cash collection of the Finance Committee was $387.

The Society then, at 10½ p. m., adjourned, *sine die*.

EDMUND QUINCY, *President.*

SAMUEL MAY, JR., WENDELL P. GARRISON, } *Secretaries of the Meeting.*

WOMEN'S PETITION FOR EMANCIPATION.

WE give below the form of petition adopted by the Women's National Loyal League. If any of our readers are not otherwise supplied, they can copy this on a sheet of paper and commence at once the work of obtaining signatures.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

(Men)

The Undersigned, Women of the United States above the age of eighteen years, earnestly pray that your Honorable Body will pass, at the earliest practicable day, an Act emancipating all Persons of African descent held to involuntary service or labor in the United States.

Name.	*Residence.*

When the sheet is filled, add others of the same width to the foot of it, with paste or mucilage. The signatures should be by the persons themselves, or else written at their request. Add, at close of each petition, the number of signatures contained, and name of Town, County and State whence it comes. Return to Women's National Loyal League, 20 Cooper Institute, New York.

CROWDED.—Want of space compels us to omit this week our report of the proceedings of Congress, as well as our summary of War News. Fortunately there is nothing of great importance calling for record in either department.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, Feb. 1, 1864.

ONE more of our annual seasons for the pleasant and profitable gathering of friends in this city has just passed. I will, therefore, give you a bird's-eye view of the National Anti-Slavery Subscription Festival, held on Wednesday evening of last week, and of the Thirty-first Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, occupying the whole of Thursday, the day following.

For both these occasions we had delightful and perfectly satisfactory weather, the brightness and mildness of Spring in the midst of Winter.

The Subscription Festival was held in the Music Hall, a place not only beautiful and appropriate in itself, but consecrated by the memory of our departed fellow-laborer, Theodore Parker. Many of those who were wont to meet there with us have gone, like him, to the brighter side of the dark river, and many more were necessarily absent in the service of their country. But the beneficent fruit of their labors is growing more obvious to the eyes of all, and the ripening of the harvest goes on with unwonted rapidity.

We had a large gathering at the Festival, as usual; but an improved arrangement of such seats as were left in the Hall, gave more space for free circulation and social converse, and prevented the troublesome crowding that was experienced last year. The balconies were filled with those who wished to sit at their ease and observe the gay moving assembly below; and other seats beneath the balconies, alternating with the tables of the money-changers, gave abundant accommodation to those who needed them. The spacious central floor, meantime, was covered with constantly changing groups, and filled with the murmur of friendly greetings, except when speakers were addressing them from the platform. Never have we had a gayer or more joyous meeting. And that, you know, is saying a great deal, for the Abolitionists have been accustomed to take a cheerful view of the future, even when the present looked darkest, and to be confident that things were *coming* right, even in the midst of vehement protest that, at present, they were wrong. Yes, strange as it may seem to the fearful, the lazy and the time-serving, a good conscience and a sound philosophy have given us the comfortable jollity of Mark Tapley, even while we were pursuing the serious and arduous labors of reform.

On this occasion, too, we attained the golden mean in regard to public speaking, having neither too much nor too little. When the appointed hour came, brief introductory remarks were made by the chairman, Edmund Quincy, who then presented to the audience that beautiful white child, providentially rescued from the Southern auction-block, whose baptism by Henry Ward Beecher, in his own church, made her person and history so widely known. The sight of this charming little one spoke impressively to all in the audience who had not yet realized that slavery lays its rapacious hand upon white as well as black. Your neighbor, Theodore Tilton, then favored us with a few words, sketching the bright side of our present national position, and giving a rather unduly favorable view of the agency of Abraham Lincoln in that same. The last speaker was Wendell Phillips, who urged, according to his wont, the demands of present duty upon Abolitionists, and pointed out wherein the President's habit of indulgence towards slaveholders is perilously complicating the problem of our future.

Then began again the buzz of cheerful voices, the greeting of old friends of the cause, and the introduction of new ones. Music from an excellent band gave variety to the pleasures of the evening, and when the John Brown song was played, the voices of the assembly heartily joined to swell it. Through the whole evening, the great *business* of the time went prosperously on, hand in hand with its pleasure. The ladies of the Subscription Festival gathered, this year, nearly FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS, wherewith to help the American Anti-Slavery Society. The largenesss of this sum is especially noteworthy, since much less was received from English friends than in former years.

On Thursday, January 28th, the Annual Meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society was held in the Tremont Temple. No wonder that the aspect of the earnest, quiet and deeply attentive audience called forth from some of the speakers a sketch, in contrast, of that day, three years ago, when the allies of slavery seemed to have regained their rule over Boston; when a ferocious, armed mob held possession of the rear of that very hall, interrupting the proceedings of the Society with tumultuous outcries and threats, and raising from time to time the triumphant song, "Tell John Andrew John Brown's dead"; when a profligate municipal government, having previously encouraged the rioters to do their work fearlessly, sent its police to look on quietly and see these outrages committed without interference; and when the bloody assault which seemed imminently impending was prevented only by the quiet and firm demeanor of the anti-slavery men and women who had gone there for the transaction of their regular business. It was instructive and encouraging to know that many of those rioters, since converted by the procession of events, are now fighting against the rebel slaveholders, and singing the true John Brown song, in hearty companionship with regiments of colored soldiers.

Of the speeches, the resolutions, and the details of business of this meeting, you will of course receive the customary official report. Suffice it for me to say that the time was filled with instructive and eloquent speech, setting forth the aspects of the future, and the duties, therefrom resulting, of the present. Among our colored friends who spoke were Mr. William Jackson (who formerly drove Jeff. Davis in the South, and who is now helping to drive him out of it) and Mr. Parker, lately an impressed colored soldier in one of the rebel armies. Mr. Jackson—I may mention to you in confidence—has taken to himself a Northern wife. And he proves to be not only well able to take care of himself, but useful and attractive as a speaker in regard to the condition and prospects of our Southern brethren. He has already tried his hand in the holding of anti-slavery meetings, and with very good success; and his experience among the Northern advocates of slavery, and "the Union as it was," inclines him to think that they are quite as much Pewterheads as Copperheads.

The most intensely interesting of all the speeches were those made in debate upon the merits of a resolution presented by Wendell Phillips. In connection with it, that gentleman expressed his fears that the government would fall far short of fulfilment, both of the duties it owes to the negro, and of those which are needed for the future welfare and permanence of the nation. On the other hand, Mr. Garrison presented what to his mind seemed cheering and hopeful in the attitude of the President, and of the government at large. The interest of this discussion detained the evening audience until 11 o'clock, after which the resolutions were passed, and the Society adjourned.

The simplicity of one of the rural brethren interposed two specimens of amusing variety amidst the serious business of the meeting. This gentleman addressing the chair on one occasion, was told—"Mr. Phillips has the floor"; but, not at all perceiving the relation of this fact to his own occupancy of the platform, he proceeded to say—"Oh, I shouldn't like to speak *after* Mr. Phillips, so I'll go on with what I have to say now."

The same person gave a specimen of untimely zeal in another part of the meeting. The President having taken the vote upon an amendment intended to modify a resolution in which the audience felt an intense interest, declared the vote to be doubtful; and was proceeding to the next step customary in such a case, when our earnest friend jumped up, and began to volunteer his advice to the President about the best way of getting out of the difficulty.

If you have ever seen a pilot, the most skillful of his class, taking a vessel into a harbor with every foot of which he is perfectly acquainted, and seen him interrupted, in the very act of giving an order, by the suggestion of a green hand that he'd better steer a little to the north-'ard—you may imagine how the accomplished chairman of this meeting felt at seeing his business taken out of his hands in this manner, and also in what tone he said to the unlucky volunteer—"Sit down, sir"—before proceeding to call again for the vote.

The Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker, by John Weiss, has at length reached this market, and is welcomed with the warmest interest. The rumor had been spread by an unfriendly person, that certain omissions of matter contained in the English edition were made in the interest of hunkerism. I have assured myself, by a careful comparison of the two editions, that this representation is entirely erroneous; and that the few changes that have actually been made, partly by the author and partly by the holder of the copyright, do not in the least manner or degree enfeeble Mr. Parker's testimony against the vices which his life was spent in opposing. NORTH.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31, 1864.

THE subject of Confiscation has already been thoroughly debated in the House of Representatives, and there is a prospect now that the debate will drag through another week. I do not propose to enter into the technicalities of the discussion, or to dilate upon the differences which exist between good and reliable Republicans upon the subject. There is one line of demarcation between the friends and enemies of Confiscation which is distinct enough. The Opposition opposes anything that will hurt the rebels—the Administration members favor all measures that will tend to make rebellion hereafter impossible. The Republicans differ as to the details of the measure in the House, but they are for an improved Confiscation act of some kind. The Opposition are against all Confiscation acts.

The debate has called forth some very singular speeches from the Peace Democrats. The most infamous speech was from the lips of Fernando Wood. He did not hesitate to pronounce the war "an inhuman crusade against the South." Yet no man since has risen in his place to move that Wood be expelled for treasonable speech in Congress. The only member who has administered anything like a sharp rebuke to the sympathizer with traitors is the delegate from Utah, Mr. Kinney. He is no orator, but he spoke a few very plain words to Mr. Wood, such as he may have read in loyal newspapers, but not such as he has been accustomed to hear spoken in his presence. I understand very well that the Republicans permit all this treasonable stuff to be uttered in Congress upon the ground that it is better to put no restriction upon free speech, leaving Truth to combat Error as best it may. This position is a strong one, but there must be a limit to the license of speech even in Congress. I have sat in by-gone years in the House and Senate for days and weeks, listening to the most infamous arguments in favor of treason, while the loyal members scarcely uttered a remonstrance. There was at that time one excuse for the silence of true men which it was difficult to answer. It was that the friends of the Union were in a minority, and could do nothing if they would. But they could have made a masterly fight against the traitors, and Mr. Buchanan should have arrested them. There is no reason why the Republican majority in the House and Senate at the present time should not condemn with severity such speeches as those which Fernando Wood and Garrett Davis are fond of making. It is not necessary to expel, or even to formally censure, but a little wholesome severity of language would do good. I think the country will be somewhat startled by Senator Fessenden's speech in the Senate upon the resolution to expel Garret Davis. Mr. Fessenden is in many respects the ablest man in the Senate. He reminds one of that old race of giants in the Senate who were at least intellectually great—Clay, Calhoun, Webster and others. It seems sometimes as if he also possessed some of their failings. It is quite probable that Mr. Fessenden is right in his defence of free speech. I am not going to say one word against any truly loyal man who argues for free speech and a free press. But why has not this great Senator (for he is truly a great man) felt it to be his duty to administer one of those scorching rebukes for which he is celebrated to this infamous speech-maker from Kentucky? Is it a light matter for a man to encourage treason in the Senate? Has not the rebellion already taken a dozen lives from every town and hamlet in the country? The rebellion was commenced in the Senate of the United States. Mr. Fessenden heard the ringleaders of the revolt organize their infamous plot in the Senate Chamber. His party was then too weak to do anything, but now it is in a majority that can carry through any measure. It certainly should not hesitate to condemn Davis with severity. Senators Wilson, Howard, Sumner and others acted with boldness. I confess that it struck me that Mr. Fessenden acted as if he lacked true courage—as if he were timid when it came to censuring a Southern Senator. Now it is not possible that Mr. Fessenden was *afraid* to censure Garrett Davis, for the Kentucky Senator is almost without friends in the Senate, but if his views be correct the Administration has many heinous sins to answer for. If it is important that Garrett Davis should be permitted to utter treason in the Senate for the sake of free speech, then it is also important that rebel agents should be permitted to preach treason in New York and Ohio. Vallandigham never uttered so offensive words in Ohio as Garrett Davis has uttered in the Senate. The Administration has arrested a dozen men for smaller offences of speech than that of which Davis is guilty. Was it right or wrong?

After all, there's nothing like the instinct of courage in a public man. Some of our Senators never had it, and shall be excused on that account.

Unless I am mistaken, Mr. Chase is a man of great moral courage. Under a tremendous pressure he would stand firm like a rock. This is why he would be a safe man for President when the crisis comes, as it will come sooner or later, with the nation. Whenever the Southern people become firmly convinced that there is no longer any hope of success, their leaders will attempt to make terms and save slavery from its doom. It will then require a man of iron will in the Presidential chair to meet the demand, or the plea, of the worsted traitors as it should be met. Mr. Lincoln's personal friends assert that when it comes to principle he is firm and unyielding. Every loyal man in the country must hope that this is true, but it is the business of the people to *know* that it is true before they decide who is to be the next President.

Gen. Garfield of Ohio made one of the best speeches that has been delivered in the House upon the subject of Confiscation. It was his maiden speech, as the phrase goes, and it was every way a success. There is one passage in it which has amused me much. It shows how the soldier, fresh from the field, regards the Copperhead orators who are talking so softly of peace and bringing up old, long-ago exploded arguments in favor of slavery:

"I am surprised and amazed beyond measure at what I have seen in this House. Having been so long with men who had but one thought upon these great themes, it is passing strange to me to hear men talking of the old issues and discussions of a few years ago. They forget that we live in actions and not in years. They forget that sometimes a nation may live a generation in a single year; and the experience of the last three years has been greater than that of centuries of quiet and peace. There are men who do not seem to realize that we are at war. They do not seem to realize that this is a struggle for existence; a terrible fight of flint with flint, bayonet with bayonet, blood for blood. They still retain some hope that they can smile rebellion into peace. They use terms strangely. In these modern days words have lost their significance. If a man steals his thousands from the Treasury, he is not a thief; oh, no; he is a 'defaulter.' If a man hangs shackles on the limbs of a human being, and drives him through life as a slave, it is not man-stealing, it is not even slavery, it is only 'another form of civilization.' We are using words in that strange way. There are public journals in New York city, I am told, that never call this a rebellion—it is only a 'civil commotion,' a 'fraternal strife.' I had thought the days of 'Southern brethren' and 'wayward sisters' had gone by, but I find it here in the high noon of its glory. One would suppose from all we hear that war is gentle and graceful exercise, to be indulged in a quiet and pleasant manner. I have lately seen a stanza from the nursery rhymes of England, which I commend to these gentle-hearted patriots who propose to put down the rebellion with soft words and paper resolutions:

"'There was an old man who said, how
Shall I flee from this horrible cow?
I will sit on the stile
And continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of this cow.'

"I tell you, gentlemen, the heart of this great rebellion cannot be softened by smiles. You cannot send commissioners down to Richmond, as the gentleman from New York [Mr. Fernando Wood] proposes, to smile away the horrible facts of this war. Not by smiles but by thundering volleys must this rebellion be met, and by that means alone."

This is a pretty long extract for a letter, but it is too good to be overlooked. Is it not?

There is very little news in Washington political circles this week. Montgomery Blair's Annapolis speech is very generally liked in all circles, but the Maryland Emancipationists persist in the belief that he is at heart an enemy of immediate emancipation. Perhaps this is being too suspicious. A Senator, who has the reputation of knowing extremely well the situation of political matters here, told me a day or two since that Mr. Blair stands next to Mr. Seward with the President in political influence, and he added, "There is but one man now in the Cabinet who is certain of being retained should Mr. Lincoln be reëlected, and he is Montgomery Blair!" I think him wrong in one respect—there are two other men who would certainly be invited to remain in the Cabinet—Messrs. Seward and Chase. AVON.

PERSONAL.

Wendell Phillips will deliver the fifth lecture in the course of the Women's Loyal League at the Cooper Institute on Tuesday evening, Feb. 16th. His subject will be "RECONSTRUCTION."

Parker Pillsbury will deliver a lecture, on "The Mysteries of the War," at the Church of the Puritans, in this city, on Wednesday evening next. He is one of the ablest, as he is certainly one of the most self-sacrificing, champions of the slave's cause—a man of great original force and sterling independence, and a very impressive speaker. We hope the church may be crowded. Admittance free.

Anna E. Dickinson repeated, at the Cooper Institute, on Tuesday evening last, the lecture lately delivered by her in the Capitol at Washington. Such a jam was never before witnessed, we think, in the Institute. The pressure in the aisles was such, even three quarters of an hour before the time appointed for the lecture, that the ushers in charge of the reserved seats found it impracticable to discharge the duty assigned them; and the consequence was that a considerable number of the reserved seats were occupied by persons who had no right to them, while some of those who held tickets therefor were excluded. It is believed that from three to five thousand people left without gaining admission to the building. William Cullen Bryant presided and introduced the lecturer in a brief but exceedingly felicitous speech. Miss Dickinson spoke with even more than her usual power, and the most radical sentiments she uttered were applauded to the echo. The lecture will be repeated at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn next Monday evening.

Giles B. Stebbins is laboring with diligence and success for the furtherance of the anti-slavery cause in Michigan, where he has the coöperation of many earnest and liberal friends. His post-office address is Detroit, Box 110. From the Detroit *Advertiser* of Jan. 19th we copy as follows:

"The address of Giles B. Stebbins, Esq., to the members of the Colored Regiment Sunday forenoon, at the Second Baptist (colored) Church, was attentively listened to by a large number, all of whom appeared to be impressed with the speaker's views. The address abounded in sparkling gems of patriotic devotion to liberty and Union, and gave great satisfaction. Mr. Stebbins's ability as a public speaker needs no comments from us, and we sincerely hope that the beautiful truths he unfolded to the colored soldiers may find their way to the inmost recesses of each heart, and that actuated by purely patriotic emotions, they may be enabled thereby to do battle in the holy cause for which they have taken up arms."

MISS DICKINSON'S LECTURE IN WASHINGTON.

AT a meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Freedman's Relief Society of the District of Columbia, held on the 26th of January, 1864, the following letter was read:

WASHINGTON, January 23, 1864.

Rev. W. H. Channing:

SIR: We have the honor to enclose herewith a draft for ten hundred and thirty dollars, being the proceeds of the lecture delivered by Miss Anna E. Dickinson, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, on Saturday evening, the 16th inst.

It is the special request of Miss Dickinson that this fund be appropriated for the benefit of the National Freedman's Relief Society of the District of Columbia, of which you are the Vice-President.

It was in response to an invitation of members of Congress that Miss Dickinson delivered her lecture at the Capitol. Her benevolence and patriotism evinced in this gift entitle her to the gratitude not only of those who are the recipients of her munificence, but of every lover of his country.

Very respectfully, your obedient servants,

H. HAMLIN,
SCHUYLER COLFAX.

Whereupon the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the National Freedman's Relief Society of the District of Columbia receive with sincere gratitude, admiration, and pleasure, the generous gift from Miss Dickinson, entrusted to our stewardship by the letter of Vice-President Hamlin and Mr. Speaker Colfax.

Resolved. That in response to this letter which pays honor justly due to an earnest and great-hearted woman, while it manifests the humane statesmanship of its writers, we hereby offer our respectful thanks to Vice-President Hamlin and Mr. Speaker Colfax for thus receiving and conveying the liberal contribution of ten hundred and thirty dollars.

Resolved, That having watched with proud satisfaction the career of Miss Dickinson, as one among many illustrious proofs of the patriotic devotedness of American women in this hour of our nation's trial, and having been delighted listeners, among thousands of hearers, to her high-toned eloquence and pathetic appeals, we cordially wish her good speed and continued triumphs; and we assure her that we shall feel it to be an honor and privilege to dispense the fund she has committed to our care in behalf of the destitute freedmen in this District.

Resolved, That copies, duly attested, of these resolutions be sent to Miss Dickinson, the Vice-President and the Speaker, and that they be published.

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, Vice-President.
N. DUBOIS, Secretary.
GEO. E. BAKER, Treasurer.

IMPORTANT PETITION TO CONGRESS.

THE following is the Form of Petition adopted in compliance with the vote of the late Thirtieth Anniversary Meeting at Philadelphia; and which has been approved by leading anti-slavery men of various parties and denominations. The subject is one of vital moment, and the exigencies of the time point to this action as absolutely necessary to a speedy, honorable, and safe conclusion of the war. We ask our friends and readers, one and all, to interest themselves and those about them in the immediate and extensive circulation of this Petition. It is so brief that it may readily be copied at the head of a letter sheet; or a printed copy may be obtained by writing to either of the anti-slavery offices in Philadelphia (106 North Tenth St.), New York (48 Beekman St.), or Boston (221 Washington St.). Let the action be prompt and vigorous. Those who have already signed the Loyal Women's Petition need not hesitate to sign this also, as the two, though in harmony, are not identical. Friends! let the word be, Immediate! Not an hour is to be lost.

☞ When the signing is completed let the Petition be forwarded, at once, to some reliable member of Congress; or, if preferred, to one of the offices already named, where it will meet with prompt attention.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:

The undersigned, citizens of believing Slavery the great cause of the present rebellion, and an institution fatal to the life of Republican government, earnestly pray your honorable bodies to immediately abolish it throughout the United States; and to adopt measures for so amending the Constitution as forever to prohibit its existence in any portion of our common country.

MEN.	WOMEN.

Chronicles of the War.

The Army and the Negroes.

"EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

IMPORTANT ORDER OF GEN. GILLMORE.

The following orders, it will be observed, have reference to the improper demeanor of officers toward colored soldiers. Gen. Gillmore is determined that the colored troops shall be treated with even-handed justice.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
HILTON HEAD, S. C., JAN. 20, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 10.—It is with regret that the Major-General Commanding has observed in the evidence adduced before Courts-martial charged with trials of colored soldiers, indications, more or less conspicuous, of improper demeanor of officers toward the men under their command. The offence seems to include unofficerlike familiarity on the one hand, and extreme harshness on the other. Either course must result not only in insubordination, but in consequences of the most serious nature, whether the soldier be white or black. From their former dependent condition, and the consequent humility that generally characterizes their deportment, there is no doubt that the latter are easily controlled, and except in comparatively rare instances, are not likely to violate that discipline to which they have through life been so rigidly subjected, if treated with even-handed justice, and a strict and conscientious attention to their wants and comfort.

An officer who is unduly familiar, either in speech or association, or who abuses by word or action the power and authority conferred upon him, not only strikes at the root of discipline himself, but encourages it in others.

The General-Commanding desires it to be distinctly understood that in every case hereafter that may be brought to his notice, of such conduct, a prompt and efficient remedy will be applied.

This order will be read to the troops of the different commands within this Department on the day after its receipt. By command of

Maj.-Gen. Q. A. GILLMORE.

MILES O'REILLY ON THE "NAYGURS."

[At the banquet to the Irish Brigade, recently, the following song, by Private Miles O'Reilly, was sung, to the air of "The Low-Backed Car," and received much applause:]

Some tell us 'tis a burnin' shame
To make the naygurs fight;
An' that the thrade of bein' kilt
Belongs but to the white;
But as for me, upon my sowl!
So liberal are we here,
I'll let Sambo be murthered in place of myself
On every day in the year!
On every day in the year, boys,
And every hour in the day,
The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him,
An' divil a word I'll say.

In battle's wild commotion
I shouldn't at all object
If Sambo's body should stop a ball
That was comin' for me direct;
And the prod of a Southern baynot,
So liberal are we here,
I'll resign and let Sambo take it
On every day in the year!
On every day in the year, boys,
An' wid none of your nasty pride,
All my right in a Southern baynot prod
Wid Sambo I'll divide.

The men who object to Sambo
Should take his place and fight;
And it's betther to have a naygur's hue
Than a liver that's wake an white;
Though Sambo's black as the ace of spades,
His finger a thrigger can pull,
And his eye runs sthraight on the barrel sights
From undher its thatch of wool!
So hear me all, boys, darlings,
Don't think I'm tippin' you chaff,
The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him,
And give him the largest half!

SLAVE ENLISTMENTS IN MARYLAND—LETTER FROM GENERAL BIRNEY.

BRYANTOWN, Md., Jan. 19, 1864.

Hon. Mr. ——, House of Delegates, Annapolis, Md.:

SIR: Your favor of the 15th inst. calls my attention to the following preamble and resolutions passed by the Senate of this State:

"Whereas, the Senate of Maryland has this day received information from a 'member of the House of Delegates,' and from other reliable sources that Gen. Birney, who is in command of the 'negro encampment at Benedict,' has sent out about one hundred and fifty negro soldiers into the Counties of Charles and St. Mary's, with orders to seize upon and carry into the encampment at Benedict all negro men found upon plantations and otherwise, for the purpose of forcing into the military service of the United States all such as are capable of bearing arms, and of setting at liberty all who are not fit for such service; and whereas in the opinion of the Senate, this outrage," etc.

You ask me whether the facts are as stated in that preamble.

As each officer sent out by me into the Counties named had a copy of the order under which he acted, any citizen could have obtained the most accurate knowledge of its terms. The order in question regulated some matters of detail, and contained, besides, the following passages:

"The officers are particularly cautioned to examine carefully all recruits before acceptance; to accept none under eighteen or over forty-five; to discourage all boys, women and old men from coming to this camp, and to forward all recruits with a guard to the next station or camp, sending with them a descriptive roll.

"Owners bringing able-bodied slaves for enlistment will receive the proper certificate and descriptive list.

"Owners identifying their slaves who have enlisted, and making oath of property, will receive a descriptive roll, with certificate that the slave has been sent to the general rendezvous for examination. War Department General Orders, No. 329, will be closely observed."

This order is not, you will see, in any respect as it was represented to the Senate by the members of the House of Delegates and "other reliable sources." Nor was its execution attended with the slightest violence, as is attested to me by the officers detailed upon that duty, and whom I regard as reliable.

In the performance of my duty of raising troops in Maryland to fight the rebels, I have not found it necessary to force the slaves away from their plantations. My chief embarrassment has been caused by the eagerness of all classes to rush to my camps, and by the persistent endeavors of some owners of aged, crippled and diseased slaves, or of unprofitable families, to thrust them upon me for support which I was not authorized to give.

The Senate and House have been grossly misled by the "reliable" persons referred to. I am puzzled to know what persons in Charles and St. Mary's Counties are meant by that expression. The old residents, who had the courage to live up to their principles, are in the rebel army; or, if they were too old to fight, have remained here to harbor and aid rebel spies, blockade runners, etc. When John H. Sothoron and Webster Sothoron assassinated the noble and generous young officer, Lieut. White, discharging fowling pieces into his body as he was lying in the agonies of death, beating in his skull and disfiguring his face with the butts of their guns after he breathed out his last sigh, they were harbored and aided by some of the reliable men of these Counties.

My impression is that these assassins are now much more popular in this section of Maryland than President Lincoln. The highest evidence of loyalty many of the slaveholders here have to offer is, that they have never joined the rebel army. If the grave and wise Senators who voted for the preamble above quoted would visit St. Mary's and Charles, they would, I think, pause long before taking as proof the reckless statements of their inhabitants or delegates against any Union man. Yours, respectfully,

WILLIAM BIRNEY,
Brigadier-General, U. S. V.

THE TESTIMONY OF A MISSOURI CONSERVATIVE.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

SAINT CHARLES, Ark., Jan. 9, 1864.

As "American citizens of African descent" occupy a pretty prominent place in the public mind, I will not apologize for giving some of them a brief notice in this letter. You know how tender-footed some Northern people were, and are, in regard to the employment or enlistment of colored troops. It is a pity that some of these good people could not spend a few weeks at some or all of the different military posts between Memphis and New-Orleans. I think one trip would reconcile them to the expediency and feasibility of putting government clothing upon the body, and government arms into the hands of "the universal nigger." I was once what is known in Missouri as a "Conservative chap," and had an idea that white men ought to fight the war out. The knowledge which I have gained since the first of last September, between Cairo and New Orleans, has induced me to discard *that* absurd idea. I have seen "the nigger" in all his numerous phases—on the plantation, as a teamster, as a soldier, and also as a fugitive, bent upon reaching a Union picket station or a Union gunboat.

In this letter I will only speak of him as a soldier. Do you ask me how he resembles the white soldier? Well, there is a strong resemblance. He goes through the manual of arms very creditably indeed. Put him on duty as a sentinel and tell him not to let anybody pass without the countersign, and I would bet my life against one-hundredth part of the money which Heenan and King fought for, that no person, not even excepting President Lincoln, could pass his post between dusk and daylight without speaking the necessary word. He marches well. He breaks from company into platoon beautifully, and from platoon forms company in a manner that would elicit praise from an old campaigner. His "right wheel" and "left turn"—the latter being an awkward movement, very unpopular even with white troops—are exceedingly well-performed. He keeps his quarters in admirable condition, so far as cleanliness is concerned; and his clothing, arms, and accoutrements are certainly as well taken care of as are those of thousands of as brave white soldiers, belonging to North-Western regiments, as ever stepped to the tap of drum.

Officers of high standing also inform me that the negro skirmishes well. They say he can "draw a good bead" on a foe, and that he knows enough, when skirmishing, not to expose himself if there are any logs or stumps in his immediate vicinity. You ask me if he can "stand up to the rack" in a general engagement. I cannot answer that question from personal knowledge, but respectfully refer you to the reports of the "troubles" at Milliken's Bend, and Port Hudson, and to that which refers to the deeds of the 54th Massachusetts Infantry (colored) at the assault upon Fort Wagner. I am satisfied to stand by those reports.

Now let me recapitulate slightly. I have stated that the negro learns the manual quickly; that he marches well; that he is cleanly; that he is vigilant while acting as a sentinel; that he keeps his musket in proper trim; that he is not a very bad partner to have in a brisk skirmish; and I have referred you to reports which speak of him as highly as Wellington spoke and wrote of the fearless warriors who trod the lines of Torres Vedras, and scaled the walls of Badajos.

Perhaps you, or somebody else, will say in reply to this argument, "If the negro can do all these things, what difference is there between him and a white soldier?" Just the difference of color. The white soldier is white, as a matter of course; and, generally speaking, he knows more than the negro knows. The negro is supposed to be black, but occasionally we find him to be as light colored as are many Frenchmen and Spaniards, who are always cordially welcomed by Miss McFlimsey, and by the large number of beautiful and interesting maidens who follow wherever she leads. All that we have to do is to put a heavy coat of white paint on the negro, or whitewash him two or three times. Then he will be all right, and the Copperheads will not object to him. The paint or the whitewash will not make him any better than he is now; it will not assist him in any matter pertaining to the duties of a soldier; but then, you know, some folks think a wonderful sight of color, and my opinion is that our government ought to make some allowance for the prejudices of that class; that the colored people now in the army should be put through some whitening process every week or two; and that new recruits of the African persuasion should be skinned within twenty-four hours after their enlistment as soldiers in the army of the United States.

The idea that a black man is unfit for a soldier is pretty well "played out" on the line of the Mississippi River. We see colored troops everywhere, and find them just as attentive on duty, and as orderly off duty, as our white troops. Let me state a case: Less than a month ago I saw a squad of colored troops standing on a certain corner of a certain street in a certain city, or village, on the east bank of the Mississippi River, not more than a thousand miles from Vicksburg. The squad numbered about thirty, say half a company, and was commanded by a colored man, who wore upon his arms the mark which denoted that he was an orderly sergeant. He stood at the right of the squad, and in trying to stand in the "position of a soldier," he came pretty near losing his balance, and falling backward. But he kept a sharp look out to see what the squad were up to. I watched him, and noted his actions and orders for at least twenty minutes, and I do not believe that I ever spent the same length of time more profitably since I studied "geography and arithmetic" in a log school-house in Niagara County, more than thirty years ago. His orders were something like these:

"Dress up dere on de lef'." "Keep back dere, now." "Make de line straight." "No smokin' in de ranks." "Plenty time to smoke in de fort." "No talkin' down dere." Every minute or two he would leave his post at the right of the squad, and march to the extreme left, and if he discovered, as he occasionally did, one who was so far forgetful of the duties of a soldier as not to have the little finger of his left hand immediately behind the seam of the left leg of his pantaloons, he would say, in a very stern and dignified manner, "Keep de finger behind de seam whenever de musket's on de shoulder." For nearly half an hour, the squad was kept at "shoulder arms," and, finally, the white lieutenant, for whom it was waiting, made his appearance. The sergeant gave the order to "present arms

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

SPIRIT.

Ou! what is Spirit? Who can tell
Aught of the undefinable?
Who shall explore its nature, source,
Or follow its departing course?

What made, this morn, a little child
Smile, when upon its face I smiled?
Why did another fondly "twine,
Unasked, a trustful hand in mine"?
What makes the honest dog draw nigh
To meet the welcome of my eye?
Why, but that SPIRIT, within *these*,
My spirit answers, feels, and sees?

I had a little darling bird,
That my fond cares and kindness stirred:
Why didst thou, birdie, child of air,
So joy to have my love and care?
'Twas the Invisible in *thee*,
Met the Invisible in *me*.
One morn its little eye was bright,
It twittered in its happy flight:
To feed upon my hand it came,
And chirped, if I but called its name:
The next, all cold it lay, and still;
No motion left, no voice, no will.
We said the little bird was dead:
But *what* from that small frame had fled?
Where was that strange, mysterious thing
That moved its chirp, and urged its wing,
That sparkled in its sprightly eye,
That seemed all joy when I was by,
That vital being gave the whole?
What will you call it! Life—or *Soul*?

I had a friend—a precious one,
Who was to me Heaven's benizon:
I watched her quivering, fluttering breath
When *that* came on which we call Death.
Cold as my little bird, then lay
All that was left of pallid clay:
Alike from bird and friend had gone
That which my love had fastened on:
What was that nameless, viewless thing,
Thus vanished from our questioning?

And O! can this impalpable,
Which thus in man and brute doth dwell,
That which through nerve and fibre lives,
And joy, and pain, and will-power gives,
This all-impelling, quickening fire,
Can it, in aught that breathes, expire?
And is it not in each the same,
Whatever be its earth-known name?
Oh! narrow thinker! to deny
To brute life Immortality:
Shallow the reasoning that would deem
My faith but Fancy's baseless dream.
'Tis little our dim view can see
Of Being's mighty mystery;
Yet sure on Nature's page we read,
In lessons above human creed,
Truths, from which deeper Thought doth learn
That SPIRIT *ever* is eterne.

Salem, New Jersey. A. W. M.

BENJAMIN LUNDY.

From Greeley's History of the Rebellion.

BENJAMIN LUNDY deserves the high honor of ranking as the pioneer of direct and distinctive anti-slavery in America. Many who lived before and cotemporary with him were Abolitionists; but he was the first of our countrymen who devoted his life and all his powers exclusively to the cause of the slave. Born in Sussex County, New Jersey, January 4, 1789, of Quaker parents, whose ancestors for several generations had lived and died in this country, he injured himself, while still a mere boy, by excessive labor on his father's farm, incurring thereby a partial loss of hearing, from which he never recovered. Slight in frame and below the common height, unassuming in manner and gentle in spirit, he gave to the cause of Emancipation neither wealth, nor eloquence, nor lofty abilities, for he had them not; but his courage, perseverance, and devotion were unsurpassed; and these combined to render him a formidable, though disregarded if not despised, antagonist to our national crime. Leaving his father's farm at nineteen years of age, he wandered westward to Wheeling, Virginia, where, during the next four years, he learned the trade of a saddler, and gained an insight into the cruelties and villanies of slaveholding—Wheeling being at that time a great thoroughfare for negro-traders and their prey on their route from Maryland and Virginia to the lower Mississippi. Before he made Wheeling his home, he had spent some time at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, whither he returned after learning his trade, and remained there two years, during which he married a young woman of like spirit to his own. He then, after a long visit to his father in New Jersey, settled at St. Clairsville, Ohio, near Wheeling, and opened a shop, by which in four years he made about three thousand dollars above his expenses, and, with a loving wife and two children, was as happy and contented with his lot as any man need be.

But the impression made on his mind by his experiences of slavery in Wheeling could not be shaken off nor resisted. In the year 1815, when twenty-six years of age, he organized an anti-slavery association known as the "Union Humane Society," whereof the first meeting was held at his own house, and consisted of but five or six persons. Within a few months, its numbers were swelled to four or five hundred, and included the best and most prominent citizens of Belmont and the adjacent Counties. Lundy wrote an appeal to philanthropists on the subject of slavery, which was first printed on the 4th of January, 1816, being his twenty-seventh birthday. Short and simple as it was, it contained the germ of the entire anti-slavery movement. A weekly journal entitled *The Philanthropist* was soon after started at Mount Pleasant by Charles Osborne; and Lundy, at the editor's invitation, contributed to its columns, mainly by selections. In a few months he was urged by Osborne to join him in the newspaper enterprise, and finally consented to do so, removing to Mount Pleasant. Meantime, he made a voyage to St. Louis in a flat-boat to dispose of his stock of saddlery. Arriving at that city in the fall of 1819, when the whole region was convulsed by the Missouri Question, he was impelled to write on the side there unpopular in the journals of the day. His speculation proved unfortunate—the whole West, and, indeed, the whole country, being then involved in a commercial convulsion, with trade stagnant and almost every one bankrupt. He returned to his home on foot during the ensuing Winter, having been absent nearly two years, and lost all he was worth.

Meantime, Osborne, tired of his thankless and profitless vocation, had sold out his establishment, and it had been removed to Jonesborough, Tennessee, where his newspaper took the title of *The Emancipator*. Lundy removed, as he had purposed, to Mount Pleasant, and there started, in January, 1821, a monthly entitled *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*. He commenced it with six subscribers; himself ignorant of printing and without materials; having his work done at Steubenville, twenty miles distant; travelling thither frequently on foot, and returning with his edition on his back. Four months later, he had a very considerable subscription list. About this time, Elihu Embree, who had started *The Emancipator* in Tennessee, died, and Lundy was urged to go thither, unite the two journals, and print them himself from the materials of *The Emancipator*. He consented, and made the journey of eight hundred miles, one half on foot and the rest by water. At Jonesborough, he learned the art of printing, and was soon issuing a weekly newspaper beside *The Genius*, and a monthly agricultural work. He removed his family a few months later, and East Tennessee was thenceforward his home for nearly three years, during which *The Genius of Universal Emancipation* was the only distinctively and exclusively anti-slavery periodical issued in the United States, constantly increasing in circulation and influence. And, though often threatened with personal assault, and once shut up in a private room with two ruffians, who undertook to bully him into some concession by a flourish of deadly weapons, he was at no time subjected to mob violence or legal prosecution.

In the Winter of 1823-4, the first American Convention for the Abolition of slavery was held in Philadelphia; and Lundy made the journey of six hundred miles and back on purpose to attend it. During his tour, he decided on transferring his establishment to Baltimore; and, in the summer of 1824, knapsack on shoulder, he set out on foot for that city. On the way, he delivered, at Deep Creek, North Carolina, his first public address against slavery. He spoke in a beautiful grove, near the Friends' meeting-house at that place, directly after divine worship; and the audience were so well satisfied that they invited him to speak again, in their place of worship. Before this second meeting adjourned, an anti slavery society was formed; and he proceeded to hold fifteen or twenty similar meetings at other places within that State. In one instance, he spoke at a house-raising; in another, at a militia muster. Here an anti-slavery society of fourteen members was thereupon formed, with the captain of the militia company for its President. One of his meetings was held at Raleigh, the capital. Before he had left the State, he had organized twelve or fourteen Abolition Societies. He continued his journey through Virginia, holding several meetings, and organizing societies—of course, not very numerous, nor composed of the most influential persons. It is probable that his Quaker brethren supplied him with introductions from place to place, and that his meetings were held at the points where violent opposition was least likely to be offered.

He reached Baltimore about the first of October, and issued on the 10th No. 1 of Volume IV. of *The Genius*, which continued to be well supported, though receiving little encouragement from Baltimore itself. A year afterward, it began to be issued weekly.

Lundy visited Hayti in the latter part of 1825, in order to make arrangements there for the reception of a number of slaves, whose masters were willing to emancipate them on condition of their removal from the country—in fact, were not allowed, by the laws of their respective States, to free them otherwise. Being detained longer than he had expected, he was met, on his return to Baltimore, with tidings of the death of his wife, after giving birth to twins, and hastened to his dwelling to find it entirely deserted, his five children having been distributed among his friends. In that hour of intense affliction, he renewed his solemn vow to devote his entire energies to the cause of the slave, and to efforts designed to awaken his countrymen to a sense of their responsibility and their danger. In 1828, he travelled eastward, lecturing and soliciting subscribers to his *Genius*, and calling, in New York, on Arthur Tappan, William Goodell, and other anti-slavery men. At Boston, he could hear of no Abolitionists, but made the acquaintance, at his boarding-house, of William Lloyd Garrison, a fellow-boarder, whose attention had not previously been drawn to the Slavery Question, but who readily embraced his views. He visited successively most of the clergymen of Boston, and induced eight of them, belonging to various sects, to meet him. All of them, on explanation, approved his labors, and subscribed for his periodical; and, in the course of a few days, they aided him to hold an anti-slavery meeting, which was largely attended. At the close of his remarks, several clergymen expressed a general concurrence in his views. He extended his journey to New Hampshire and Maine, lecturing where he could, and obtaining some encouragement. He spoke also in the principal towns of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut; and, on his homeward route, traversed the State of New York, speaking at Poughkeepsie, Albany, Lockport, Utica, and Buffalo, reaching Baltimore late in October.

Lundy made at least one other visit to Hayti, to colonize emancipated slaves; was beaten nearly to death in Baltimore by a slave-trader, on whose conduct he had commented in terms which seemed disrespectful to the profession; was flattered by the judge's assurance, when the trader came to be tried for the assault, that "he [L.] had got nothing more than he deserved"; and he made two long journeys through Texas, to the Mexican departments across the Rio Grande, in quest of a suitable location on which to plant a colony of freed blacks from the United States, but without success. He travelled in good part on foot, observing the strictest economy, and supporting himself by working at saddlery and harness-mending, from place to place, as circumstances required. Meantime, he had been compelled to remove his paper from Baltimore to Washington; and finally (in 1836) to Philadelphia, where it was entitled *The National Inquirer*, and at last merged into *The Pennsylvania Freeman*. His colonizing enterprise took him to Monclova, Comargo, Monterey, Matamoras, and Victoria, in Mexico, and consumed the better part of several years, closing in 1835. He also made a visit to the settlements in Canada, of fugitives from American slavery, to inquire into the welfare of their inhabitants. On the 17th of May, 1838, at the burning by a mob of Pennsylvania Hall—built by Abolitionists, because they could be heard in no other—his little property, consisting mainly of papers, books, clothes, etc., which had been collected in one of the rooms of that Hall, with a view to his migration westward, was totally destroyed. In July, he started for Illinois, where his children then resided, and reached them in the September following. He planted himself at Lowell, La Salle County, gathered his offspring about him, purchased a printing office, and renewed the issues of his *Genius*. But in August, 1839, he was attacked by a prevailing fever, of which he died on the 22d of that month, in the 51st year of his age. Thus closed the record of one of the most heroic, devoted, unselfish, courageous lives, that has ever been lived on this continent.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER, THE SONG-WRITER.

From The Evening Post.

ON the tomb of Donizetti, in the cathedral at Bergamo, is a modest inscription saying that the dead composer was "a finder of many melodies." The simple record—too unpretending for the merits of the Italian composer—will be peculiarly applicable to the late Stephen C. Foster, the song-writer, who died on the 13th inst. in this city.

Mr. Foster was born in Pittsburg, July 4, 1826, the same day on which Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died. His father was a well-to-do farmer, and laid out on his property a town which he intended to call Fosterville. "Soon afterwards," says Mr. Charles McKnight, of the Pittsburg *Evening Chronicle*, in his interesting biographical notice of the late song-writer, "the gallant Captain Lawrence was killed, fighting his ship, the Chesapeake, and Mr. Foster patriotically changed the name of his town to Lawrenceville, adopting as the motto on the corporation seal the dying words of Lawrence, 'Don't give up the ship.'"

When seven years old young Stephen Foster showed enough musical precocity to learn, unaided, the flageolet; and later he played other instruments, though, like most composers, he was never eminent as a performer. Like Moore, he was fond of singing his own songs, and when he accompanied himself on the piano or guitar, there was a charming and plaintive sadness in his voice which touched the hearts of his listeners.

His melodies are so sweet, so simple, so unpretending, that few people supposed that he had studied music scientifically, and was familiar with the more classical works of Mozart, Beethoven and Weber. He, also, was a man of considerable versatility in other branches. He understood French and German, painted in water colors, was a good accountant, and wrote all the words as well as the music of his songs. These words were in style almost indentical with his melodies—sweet, simple, and no worse in rhyme or rythm than the majority of popular lyrics.

George Willig, the Baltimore music publisher, published his first song in 1842. It was called "Open thy lattice, love," and was followed by "Old Uncle Ned" and "Oh! Susanna," which were issued by Peters of Cincinnati. Then appeared "Louisiana Belle," "Nelly was a lady," "Camptown Races," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in the cold, cold ground," "Nelly Bly," "Oh, boys, carry me 'long," "Old Folks at Home," and others. With these Foster established his reputation as a writer of negro minstrelsy, and at the same time made considerable money, his New York publishers, Firth, Pond & Co., paying him over $15,000 on "Old Folks at Home" alone—the most profitable piece of music ever published in this city. E. P. Christy paid Foster five hundred dollars for the privilege of having his name printed on one edition of this song.

During the past ten years Foster's compositions were of a more sentimental and refined character. He dropped the burlesque negro words and wrote and composed such songs as "Willie, we have missed you," "Ellen Bayne," "Maggie by my side," "Come where my love lies dreaming," "Little Ella," "Jennie with the light brown hair," "Willie, my brave," "Farewell, my Lillie dear," "Oh, comrades, fill no glass for me," "Old Dog Tray," "Mollie, do you love me?" "Summer Breath," "Ah, may the red rose live alway," "Come with thy sweet voice again," "I see her still in my dreams," "Suffer little children to come unto me," "Ella is an Angel," "I will be true to thee," and over a hundred others. His last composition—a song said to include one of his most beautiful melodies—will soon be published by Horace Waters, of this city. His later works exhibit greater grace and tenderness than his earlier ones; and had he lived, and taken proper care of his health, he might have obtained the most enviable eminence as a musician. As it is, he had the blessed, heaven-sent gift of melody, and his compositions, if not his name, are known all over the world. Russians, Italians, Germans, French, and even Egyptians and Chinese, have heard and admired those sweet strains which made Stephen C. Foster preëminently the ballad writer of America. We hope his publishers will make a collection—if not of all—of his best songs and choruses, and publish them in some enduring form; for their popularity will not die with the man whose genial imagination gave them birth.

Mr. Foster—who for the past three years had lived in this city—was buried at Pittsburg. *The Evening Chronicle* of that city says of his farewell:

"His death took place on the 13th inst., in New York city. With praiseworty State pride, the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company gave orders that his remains and the party in charge of them should be passed over the road free of charge. The Adams Express Company also declined to take any pay for conveying his remains from New York to Harrisburg.

"As stated in the previous notice given of the deceased, he married a daughter of the late Dr. McDowell, who, with an interesting daughter of twelve years, survives him. Some of his friends here, and other lovers of music who acknowledge his numerous and valuable contributions to musical science and literature, have united in having impressive and appropriate ceremonies at his funeral. At Trinity Church the exercises were vocal, led by Mr. Klebar; at the grave they were instrumental, some of Mr. Foster's most popular airs having been introduced. Mr. Foster has won a fame which is undying. His influence extends over every land where there are voices to hymn forth sweet notes and hearers to be moved by them."

FOR THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD.

PUSHING ON.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

When I was a boy of about your age,
My rose-cheeked John! rosy-cheeked John!
I took as my motto from some old page,
"Pushing on."

I wrote it all over my books and slate,
All over them, John! over them, John!
And thought of it ever both early and late,
"Pushing on."

At work or at play, at home or at school,
Think of it, John! think of it, John!
At books or at playthings, 'twas ever the rule—
"Pushing on."

I pushed out of boy and I pushed into man,
That I did, John! that I did, John!
I pushed out of "can't" and I pushed into "can"—
"Pushing on."

Whenever an obstacle in my path lay,
And many did, John! many did, John!
I pushed and I pushed 'till I pushed-it away,
"Pushing on."

I pushed through the world with an honester heart,
Honester, John! honester, John!
Than many a man with a fairer start:
"Pushing on."

And now I've a good wife, children well taught,
Very well, John! very well, John!
A snug little fortune, all honestly got:
"Pushing on."

I've pushed a large place in the hearts of the poor;
That is good, John! very good, John!
For I never pushed any away from my door:
"Pushing on."

I'm now an old man, my head white as snow,
And mother's too, John! mother's too, John!
And down the bright valley together we go,
"Pushing on."

I am still pushing on for a happier land,
Trustingly, John! trustingly, John!
Trustingly holding my Father's hand—
"Pushing on."

JACK AND HIS SERMON.

From The New York Observer.

ONE lovely afternoon, of the load of "contrabands" brought into Eastport, on the Tennessee river, was a man whom I judged to be about forty-five years old, and who, after the wagons were unloaded, silenced the whole batch of black jabberers by announcing—

"De cullered folks (and white gemmen, if daise-a-mind-to) mus 'member dat de glory must be gibben to Gor-a-mighty; for dis 'sponsible 'casion! Ole Jack will call your 'fectionate minds to de right spot whence all de blessins flow, dis berry afternoon jest 'bout sundown, *for we'se mose to de happy land of Canaan!*"

That was a notice of preaching, and I promised myself to be there, for I was one of the "*white gemmen*" who was "*a-mine-to.*" Oh! it had been a long time, so *long* since I had heard preaching of any kind, not even from a "chaplain," that I was hungry for "a word fitly spoken."

He was a modest looking, unassuming man—a quiet strength about him that could not be concealed. In my own mind I put him down as a sincere Christian, full of the spirit to strive to do right—his heart strong "for the truth." I was not disappointed.

It was, as I have said, a lovely day. As the sun went down in the soft haze, the moon, full and clear, rose above the hills; and the broad Tennessee—which at this place runs almost East and West—was silvery with the reflected, shimmering moonlight. On the higher bank of the river, from which, either way, two miles or more of that rushing stream is under the eye, were gathered hundreds of negroes to answer to Old Jack's appointment. On the opposite shore, a rich bordering of lofty trees gave to this flashing river a shadowy softness, and an easy blending with the dark bank. It is in my memory now, a beautiful picture. The very group on the bank, that by daylight were grotesque and ultra in their variance from the desirable idea of propriety and comeliness in dress, form, and feature, were here the very group to give life and interest to the view. Perhaps curiosity, or a zest for fun, had as much to do, as anything else, in bringing quite a number of soldiers to swell the number, for here and there, and yonder, as I looked over the heads of the crowd, the glint of the glittering bayonet told that some of the guards stationed near had wandered from the guard-house to hear "*preaching.*"

The introduction of religious exercises was by singing. Some one of the crowd, with a clear sweet voice, alone led off, with,

"Come dou fount ob obery bressin,
Tune my heart to sin dy praise."

Soon the dear old familiar tune and its hallowed associations touched the heart, and then the words,

"Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above,"

were carried by a volume of melody—the heart-breath of hundreds—on the night air, with too much soul and fervor to allow a thought about negro pronunciation.

How quickly the heart will answer to the old tunes that tell of home; tunes we heard in childhood, and that are so interwoven with thoughts of those we love, of mother's sweet voice!

The careless, reckless mule-driver stopped cursing his vicious team, that, till now, was receiving his choicest store of profanity, as they acted *mule* over the evening feed of grain, dropped the oath, listened, and with a voice softened by the sacred memories of home, or the awakened echo of a nearly forgotten prayer, joined earnestly in the familiar hymn. The soldier, pacing with measured, martial tread his guard-beat, feels the breath of one he loves at his heart; he stops, slowly lowers his gun to the ground, and leaning upon it, as upon a staff, he catches every note of that melody of prayer. Perhaps he heard it last at the prayer-meeting away up North; his wife was with him then; that well remembered voice is now breathing saddening thoughtfulness to his faithful, loving heart. None could hear with indifference; each yielded to the meaning of that moment of life; another of the to-be-accounted-for influences for good.

At the close of the hymn, Old Jack moved to a slight rise of the ground from which he could be seen by those around, and commenced his sermon. His text was, "Whar de chillum of Izzul war tryin to leab de lan of Egyp, when de hole lan was dark, so dark dat you could take hold ob it, and feel um, like de black clof on de coffin, *but de chillum of Izzul had light in dar dwellin.*"

It would be tiresome to give you, in his words, the gist of the sermon, so I will name the point he attempted to make, and perhaps an illustration or two, in his own words.

The whole sermon was delivered, not in the oratorical style of his people, but in a genial, kindly way *he talked*, as though "he opened his mouth and taught them, saying."

"In de fus place," the negroes, slaves, were like the children of Israel in Egypt under hard task-masters. Moses was *their* deliverer. Abraham Lincoln the deliverer of the slaves. Naming the plagues in their order, as recorded, he with much ingenuity found a counterpart in some woe that had fallen upon this country, or that he had heard had afflicted the people from time to time. "And now," said he, joining two of the plagues, "dere is jus upon dis berry time, de dear dead body ob de fus-born (or wusser yet), ob de fader an husban, cold an bloody in ebery house in de lan; and all is dark in de hole 'Nited States, so dat nobody can see *de fus sign of a track in de woods.* Nobody can tell who he run against, it is so dark; or how to git back home again, it is so dark; he can do noffin but stan still an feel it, *but de chillum of Izzul hab light in de dwellin.* Ebery cullered man, ebery slave got his eye on de light, it talks to him, it sing to him, it do his work for him, it play wid de chillen. De slave got de light in de 'quarters.' While he look at it, he know it neber will go out. No, neber! tank de Lord! and it warm him, it feed him, it tell him, 'Nehber mind de dark long night, I'se gwi'ne to last till mornin!'"

Another illustration was this. "You white gemmen don't know what is make de nigger happy to-night. We'se all on the same spot; de same ground under de foot; de same moon ober de head; de same ribber running by; but it am no more to you den any odder ribber dat bring you, and swim the steamboats wid de loads of more so'jers and plenty to eat; it am only de nice ribber, and it look nice to-night, *if you tink ob it;* an to-night is nuffin to you but a berry nice night, like *las* night, to-morrow night—*but* to me, and dese ere cullered pe'ple it mean more den eber you have sperience. To-day is de fus day we draw de full long bref, an neber tink *to look all round, see whose coming!* Dis night we sing, an we pray, and we gib glory to Gor-a-mity, and don't borry de time to do it, we does it us-selves, we don't 'long to anybody, we'se for de fus time free!

"Dat shiny riber am *a line ob light* in de life ob dese 'ere black pe'ple! we'se comed to shore! Morn-in and night, from now, from de bank of dis Tennessee, is Gor-almity's time! *It is sun-up to de nigger! Dis night am unspeakable*, and full of joy!"

One of the soldiers asked him if he really believed he was going to heaven when he died.

"Shure of it, Massa."

"But suppose you cut up some wicked shine, get mad, curse and swear, steal, lie, or do some other wicked things, and just as like as not you may. *Then* where are you?"

"Oh, bress your heart, Massa! *if it 'pended on Ole Jack, he'd been done gone forebber.* You see my face is black? Why Old Jack's heart's bracker dan dat. You see dat star? See all of dem? See dat moon? De blessed Lord hold 'em so, *jus whar dey is.* You don't know how He do it, but he hold 'em, shu-ah; so he take care ob Jack; He hold him up; He mind him all de time. Jack's name am writed in de Lam's book ob life!"

"How do you know it is?"

"I'll tell you, but massa p'raps tink it am all old niggar's sense, jus foolish, but *I knows* it, just as shure as Jack am hear a-talkin. I see'd once, just like I see de readin on your hat, de name ob all dat was bought by de precious blood was writed on little gold piece 'bout long as de little finger, an dey all hang up in row, an I look 'long de row, an I keep a-lookin, an when my eyes mose gib it up, I see Jack's name dar. I seed it shu-ah! an all the time it burn-in in my heart, '*Jack's name is* on de bright row.' Den when I pray an sing de mose, an lub ebery body de mose, den de name is bright, and de lub ob Jesus keep it bright, an shine like glory! *I don't 'pend on Jack!* When Jack tinks ob Jesus, he's safe, shu-ah!"

On the following night I attended a prayer-meeting, called by Old Jack, in one of the old warehouses, and though many of the "brudders" engaged in the exercises, yet none evinced, to me, that *quiet trust*, calling for confidence and trust, as did the words of this simple Christian.

I know not where the poor fellow now is, but I do know that the gem of so peaceful a spirit cannot lie concealed, and that, wherever he is, whether in bondage or enjoying his new found freedom, "*there is light in the dwelling.*" ODANA.

THE BRITISH PERIODICALS.

MESSRS. LEONARD SCOTT & Co., of this city, to whom the world of American readers have been for years indebted for the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the best efforts of the English mind, as represented in its periodicals—Messrs. Scott & Co., we say, have sent us their Circular for the New Year, and we propose to give our readers the benefit of it, by telling them what it contains to their advantage. Supposing that they are, or may be, desirous of taking some of the English periodicals, of which they have perhaps but a vague idea, the question of choice becomes a puzzle, which they will probably be glad (or ought to, at any rate) to have solved for them by those whose business it is to know all about the publications in question, their literary merits or demerits, the ground they occupy in politics, religion, etc. In this matter they may safely trust Messrs. Scott & Co., who have been and are familiar with it, having reprinted for years the best of the English periodicals, to the extent of five at least, which are as many as the majority can find or make time to read. The five in question are: *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *London Quarterly*, and the *Edinburgh*, *Westminster*, and *North British Reviews*, which represent—the first, the Tory element in English politics; the second, the Conservative; the third, the Whig; the fourth, the Liberal, and the fifth, the opinions of the Free Church. For these reprints, which are made, we believe, from proof-sheets of the original English editions, and which are not far behind them in point of time, Messrs. Scott & Co., have a sliding scale of prices, which is as follows:

	Per Annum.
For any one of the four Reviews	$3 00
For any two of the four Reviews	5 00
For any three of the four Reviews	7 00
For all four of the Reviews	8 00
For Blackwood's Magazine	3 00
For Blackwood and one Review	5 00
For Blackwood and two Reviews	7 00
For Blackwood and three Reviews	9 00
For Blackwood and the four Reviews	10 00

If the lovers of good reading—the best of the kind in the world, both for instruction and entertainment—are not satisfied with terms like these (terms which might have been largely advanced, to meet the increased price of paper, printing, etc., but, happily for us, are not), why, nothing that we could say would satisfy them or help to reward the enterprise of Messrs. Scott & Co., in giving us at such a trifling price the cream of the English periodicals. For the benefit of their old subscribers, as well as those who may think of becoming new ones, we will state that the postage to all parts of the United States is now only fifty-six cents a year for the whole five publications, viz: twenty-four cents a year for *Blackwood*, and only eight cents a year for a Review. Ten dollars and fifty-six cents for five periodicals and their postage for one year—truly, "the force of cheapness can no further go." Scott & Co.'s address is 38 Walker st., N. Y.—*N. Y. World.*

ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

OH, how I urged on my wearied charger when I first caught sight of the delicious little purling, cool stream, as it glittered in the evening sunlight, down in a little verdant plain, surrounded by a dense jungle, and what in India is called tiger grass—tall rushes, sometimes growing higher than a tall man. We had no sooner arrived than I dismounted, and seized upon my tin water bottle, and rushed with all the desperation of maddening thirst to the river side. I was just in the very act of stooping to fill the tin pot, when my eyes, as if by magnetic influence, lighted on an object exactly on the other side of the river—a sight which curdled the blood in my veins, and made me start up again with electric agility, and fly toward the camp again as fast as my legs would carry me. Fear lends wings; and I hardly think my feet could have touched the ground as I scoured back again to the camel-drivers. On the opposite bank, just in the act of awakening from a profound sleep, a huge royal tiger, his claws distended as he stretched himself, and his fearful fangs visible in his capacious jaws as he yawned lazily and half unclosed his glaring eyes. I am certain he must have caught sight of me, short as the interval; but I had a fair start, even though he had pursued me, although I am assured that in the terror of that moment my fevered imagination pictured the brute close upon my trail, and I could almost fancy that I felt his warm and loathsome breath, and his sharp, unpitying fangs and claws in the very act of seizing. There had been, however, another object to divert the tiger's attention from myself. A hapless native woodcutter, returning from his day labor in the jungle, with a bundle of fagots upon his head, unwarily emerged from the jungle on the same side of the river as the tiger, at the same moment, apparently, that I plunged into the thicket on the opposite side. I had barely reached my party when we heard the poor creature's dreadful yells and shrieks for assistance, which, however, were rapidly stifled. In another minute we had armed ourselves and were running toward the spot whence these heart-rending screams proceeded. But before we were half way there they ceased entirely; and as we got nearer the spot we could distinctly hear the hungry monster crunching the dead man's bones. Our appearance caused the tiger to decamp into the densest part of the jungle, carrying away with him what remained of the unhappy wood-cutter, which he flung over his back with the same facility with which a strong man would an empty sack.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

A CLASSIC TOILET.—According to testimony, which is scarcely to be disputed, the sun could never have shone upon a less lovely object than a Roman lady in the days of the Cæsars, when she opened her eyes in the morning—or, rather, let us say, as she appeared in the morning, for before she opened her eyes a great deal had to be done. When she retired to rest, her face had been covered with a plaster composed of bread and ass's milk, which had dried during the night, and, consequently, presented in the morning an appearance of cracked chalk. The purpose of the ass's milk was not only to preserve the delicacy of the skin, but to renovate the lungs; and so strong was the belief in the efficacy of the specific, that some energetic ladies bathed themselves in it seventy times in the course of a day. As for Poppoea, the favorite wife of Nero, she never set out on a journey without taking in her train whole herds of she asses, that she might bathe whenever she pleased so to do. The plaster of Paris bust having wakened in the morning in a cracked condition, it was the office of a host of female slaves to mature it into perfect beauty. To clear the field for further operations, the first of these gently washed away with lukewarm ass's milk the already crumbling mask, and left a smooth face to be colored by more recondite artists. The slave, whose vocation it was to paint the cheeks, delicately laid on the red and white, having moistened the pigment with her own saliva. The apparent nastiness of this operation was diminished by the consumption of a certain number of scented lozenges, which if the slave neglected to take, she suffered corporeal punishment.—*Dickens's All the Year Round.*

HYMN.

Written for the Opening of a New House of Worship (T. S. King's) in San Francisco.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Amidst these glorious works of Thine,
The solemn minarets of the pine,
And awful Shasta's icy shrine,—

Where swell thy hymns of wave and gale,
And organ thunders never fail
Behind the cataract's misty veil,—

Our puny walls to Thee we raise,
Our poor reed-music sounds Thy praise—
Forgive, O Lord! our childish ways!

For, kneeling on these altar stairs,
We urge Thee not with selfish prayers,
Nor murmur at our daily cares.

Before Thee in an evil day
Our country's bleeding heart we lay.
We dare not ask Thy hand to stay;

But, through the war-cloud pray to Thee
For Union, but a Union free,
And peace that comes of purity.

That Thou wilt bare Thine arm to save,
And, smiling through this Red-Sea wave,
Make broad a pathway for the slave!

For us, confessing all our needs,
We trust no rites nor words nor deeds,
Nor yet the broken staff of creeds.

Assured alone that Thou art good
To each as to the multitude,
Eternal Love and Fatherhood!

Weak, sinful, blind, to Thee we kneel,
Stretch dumbly forth our hands, and feel
Our weakness is our strong appeal.

So, by these western gates of even,
We wait to see with Thy forgiven
The opening Golden Gate of Heaven!

Suffice it now. In time to be
Shall holier altars rise to Thee,—
Thy Church our wide humanity!

White flowers of Love its walls shall climb,
Soft bells of Peace shall ring its chime,
Its days shall all be holy time!

A sweeter song shall then be heard,
The music of the world's accord
Confessing Christ, the Inward Word.

That song shall swell from shore to shore,
One hope, one faith, one love restore
The seamless robe that Jesus wore!

"HIS SOUL IS MARCHING ON."

WE understand that Frederick Brown, Esq., the youngest brother of the heroic and historic John Brown, has been recommended by the most prominent Anti-Slavery members of Congress (in connection with whom we are pleased to see the name of Brutus J. Clay, member of Congress from Kentucky), for the position of Superintendent of the government Colony of Freedmen at Arlington Heights, and he will undoubtedly receive the appointment.

Mr. Brown is a man of great practical experience as an agriculturist and business manager; and as he has always shared in, and deeply sympathized with, the convictions for which his brother sacrificed his life, the appointment is one eminently fit to be made. In a short time, a Freedman's Bureau will be organized either in the War or Treasury Departments, under which Superintendents of the Freedmen in the several States will be appointed. It is supposed that the government will be induced to appoint Mr. Brown as Superintendent for the State of Virginia.

It will be a signal act of poetic justice, that he should be entrusted with the welfare of the freedmen of a State, for making an effort for whose liberation, as slaves, his brother suffered a felon's doom not five years ago, at the hands of those who, to-day, are outlaws and felons, not only from our government, but from the sentiment of the civilized world.

Thus the world *does* move; and in view of this and other glorious facts, the eloquent words of Wendell Phillips seem more prophetic than we dared to hope, when he said: "It is not impossible that Virginia herself, clothed and in her right mind, may yet beg of New York the dust of John Brown, for some marble mausoleum at Richmond, as repentant Florence, robed in sackcloth, begged of Ravenna the dust of that outlawed Dante, whom a century before she ordered to be burned alive."—*Liberator.*

THE GRAVE OF LORENZO DOW.

[We take the following from a private letter, written by Hon. Larkin D. Mason, South Tamworth, N. H.—*Independent.*]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 5, 1863.

HAVING occasion to spend some time in Washington, I sought out the grave of Rev. Lorenzo Dow. It is situated about three miles northwest of the Capitol, at the north end of Twentieth street road, in the private burying-ground of Mr. Halmead. This cemetery contains about two acres, and was formerly highly ornamented. But from its present rude appearance and from the many new graves, I judge the army are furnishing some supplies. Mr. Dow's grave is covered with a sort of sandstone slab, about 30 inches by 66 inches, mounted on sills of the same material about 6 inches by 6 inches. The following is the inscription on the slab, in the same style it there appears:

The Depositary
of
LORENZO DOW,
who was born in Coventry,
Connecticut,
Oct. 17, 1777. Died Feb. 2,
1834,
Æ 56
A Christian is the highest
style of man.
He is
A slave to no sect, takes
no private road,
But looks through nature
up to nature's God.

TOO LITERAL CHINESE AND FRENCHMEN.—Everybody has heard the story of the Philadelphia merchant, who, desiring to surprise his family with a unique Christmas present, sent patterns to Canton for a costly set of China ware, with orders that the design should be exactly followed. Now, prominent in this notable design was the initial letter of the family, A, which was intended to be in the centre of each plate and saucer; but the painter having chanced to get it on one side, the direction, "This in the middle," was written as a matter of precaution across the letter. The laugh came in when the set came home, with a fac simile of the direction inscribed by the little Chinese artist on every plate and saucer, and the initial to a hair, where the designer had misplaced it. Apropos to a moustache coffee cup, among his Christmas presents, Grant tells a story of obtuse literal understanding on the part of a race not usually counted slow of wit, which fairly beats the oriental. The monstache cup, it should be premised, is the common presentation coffee cup, only that one half the top is covered with a fixed lid on which the moustache rests while the wearer slips his beverage through a small aperture, without getting it flavored with Rowland's macassar or Bogle's hyperion. It was the invention of a French importing house in New York, who sent orders for a large invoice with the ordinary presentation inscriptions, to their manufactory in France, and were astonished into an indefinite explosion of "sacres!" and "mon dieus!" when, among the rest, came back 500 inscribed "to my wife" to match an equal number for my husband. What charming tokens of conjugal affection!—*Exchange.*

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS NEGRO SERVANT.—The Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* relates the following anecdote: I dropped in upon Mr. Lincoln on Monday last, and found him busily counting greenbacks. "This, sir," said he, "is something out of my usual line; but a President of the United States has a multiplicity of duties not specified in the Constitution or acts of Congress. This is one of them. This money belongs to a poor negro who is a porter in one of the departments (the treasury) and who is at present very bad with the small pox. He did not catch it from me, however; at least I think not. He is now in hospital, and could not draw his pay because he could not sign his name. I have been at considerable pains to overcome the difficulty and get it for him, and have at length succeeded in cutting red tape, as you newspaper men say. I am now dividing the money and putting by a portion labelled, in an envelope, with my own hands, according to his wish"; and his excellency proceeded to endorse the package very carefully. No one who witnessed the transaction could fail to appreciate the goodness of heart which would prompt a man who is borne down by the weight of cares unparalleled in the world's history, to turn aside for a time from them to succor one of the humblest of his fellow-creatures in sickness and sorrow.

FIRES IN BEDROOMS.—Most people, even many intelligent reformers, have the idea that to sleep in a cold room is good—essential to health. It is an error. It is better to have an open fire in your bedroom. The atmosphere is not only by this means constantly changed, but with the fire you will keep the window open, which will add greatly to the needed ventilation. But more than this, with the fire you will have fewer bedclothes over you, which is a gain, as a large number of blankets not only interferes somewhat with the circulation and respiration, but prevents the escape of those gases which the skin is constantly emitting. Even furnace or stove heat with an open window is better than a close, cold room. Inte change with the external atmosphere depends upo the difference between the temperature of the a within and that without. But let us have the fire Let us go without silks, broadcloths, carpets, and finery of all kinds, if necessary, that we may have this beautiful purifier and diffuser of joy in all our houses. In my own house I have ten open grates, and find with coal at eleven dollars the expense is frightful, and if it were in any other department of housekeeping I should feel I could not afford it; but in this I do not flinch, so important do I deem the open fire.—*Dr. Lewis.*

RE-POPULATION OF THE SOUTH.—Two of the Tax Commissioners on the South Carolina isl